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VOLUME TWENTY-ONE, No. 13

UPLAND, SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1915

\$1.50 PER YEAR

SUPERVISORS PAID HIM \$645 PER ACRE BUT HE RECEIVED \$550 AN ACRE

E. A. PARKFORD OF ONTARIO SAYS HE GOT \$3000 COMMISSION

TOO MUCH COMMISSION

"Went Into County Politics to Purify Them Because They Were So Rotten."—Parkford. Oh, Virtue, Where Art Thou!

Driven to making explanations, the defense in the scandal over the purchase of the county hospital site has taken the only avenue that offered the least promise of escape, and although the advertisement officially published by the Board of Supervisors is directly to the contrary, it will now be pleaded that some of the land the county bought cost more than \$645 per acre, in order to attempt to explain what became of the money not paid to owners who admit they got less than \$645 per acre.

The supervisors advertised no such deal as that, and if it were proven, the probabilities are that it would completely upset the entire purchase on the ground that the county did not pay what it was publicly advertised the county would pay for the land.

The law is very specific on that point. If the county advertises that it is going to buy a tract of land for \$645 per acre, and it develops that the owner asked only \$550, or expected to get only \$450, it creates a condition of affairs that the courts are likely to make short shrift of. That amounts to nothing less than a fraud on the public. For the whole purpose of such a notice is to tell the public what is about to be done. The purchase of the land for a county hospital site was not a "synthetic purchase." On the contrary, the advertisement distinctly specifies that the land was to be bought from five different owners, at \$645 per acre, which means that the county was to pay each of them \$645 per acre for his land. Here is the official notice which was printed for three weeks in advance of the final action of the Board of Supervisors:

"Notice of Intention of Board of Supervisors to Purchase Real Property.

"Notice is hereby given that the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Bernardino, State of California, at a regular adjourned meeting held on the 2nd day of June, 1915, duly and regularly passed a resolution declaring its intention to purchase for a Hospital Site, the property substantially described as follows:

"From R. J. Anderson and Frank Holmes: Lots numbered Three (3) and the West one-half (W. 1/2) of lot numbered Two (2), in Block numbered Forty-one (41), and also that part of Lots numbered Two (2) and Thirteen (13) in said Block numbered Forty-one, described as follows: Beginning at a point 652 feet west of the southeast corner of Block numbered Forty-one (41) of the San Bernardino Rancho, thence north to the north line of the said block; thence west 188 feet; thence to the south line of said block; thence east 188 feet to the place of beginning; all according to plat shown in Book seven of Maps page two, Records of said County.

"From C. J. Anderson: All of lot No. 12 and the west one-half (W. 1/2) of lot numbered thirteen, block forty-one (41) of the twelve (12) acre survey of the Rancho San Bernardino, said to contain 18 acres more or less.

"From H. H. Fitting: The west twelve (12) acres of the east twenty (20) acres of Lot Two (2) in Block Forty (40) of the Forty-nine (49) acre survey of the Rancho San Bernardino, according to the official map and survey of said Rancho now on record in the office of the County Recorder of said county; also the east eight (8) acres of Lot Two (2) in Block Forty (40) of the Forty-nine (49) acre survey of the Rancho San Bernardino, according to the official map and survey of said Rancho now on record in the office of the County Recorder of San Bernardino County.

"From Frank Parmenter: The west one-half (W. 1/2) of Lot One (1) in Block Forty (40) of the Rancho San Bernardino as per plat recorded in Book seven of Maps.

TEACHERS' RETIREMENT FUND GROWS

REQUIREMENTS OVERESTIMATED FOR YEAR

\$200,000 Surplus in Teachers' Retirement Fund of the State. \$160,000 Is to Be Invested for Later Use.

The permanent fund of the teachers' retirement salary fund board, from which retirement salaries are paid under certain conditions to California teachers, is growing in a most gratifying manner. The state board of education and the teachers' retirement salary fund board are composed of the same persons, and meetings are therefore held at the same time. At the July meeting in Sacramento it was announced that the board had approximately \$200,000 surplus over estimated requirements for 1915, and the permanent investment committee was authorized to find investments for \$160,000 of this excess.

The fund draws its income from several sources. Each teacher in the public schools of the state of California must contribute \$1 per month for each month in which salary is drawn. The average is \$9 per year per teacher.

The fund has accumulated several hundred thousand dollars in the public schools of the state of California.

"The entire property above described said to contain 93.5 acres more or less.

"The purchase is conditioned upon a satisfactory report from the district attorney as to the title and the property.

"It is proposed to pay \$645 per acre therefor.

"The Board of Supervisors will on Tuesday, the 29th day of June, 1915, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at its regular meeting held in its board rooms in the county court house building in the City of San Bernardino, County of San Bernardino, State of California, consummate such purchase.

"Dated this Fourth day of June, 1915.

(Seal) L. R. PATTY, County Clerk and ex-Officio Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, of the County of San Bernardino, State of California.

"By ART S. GUTHRIE, Deputy."

By the terms of that advertisement, H. H. Fitting was to sell 20 acres to the county, and the county was to buy 20 acres from H. H. Fitting, at \$645 per acre. Yet Mr. Fitting testifies that he asked only \$550 per acre, and paid a five per cent commission out of that, so that he received only \$522.25 per acre, net, although the county was supposed to pay \$645 per acre, net.

By the terms of that advertisement, Frank Holmes was to sell certain land to the county at \$645 per acre, yet Mr. Holmes testified that he asked only \$4000 for eight and one-half acres—at the rate of less than \$500 per acre, and he held him up for a 12 1/2 per cent commission out of that, so that his land netted him less than \$412 per acre, and the county publicly advertised that it would pay him \$645 per acre.

One of the worst features of the whole deal develops with reference to the Holmes' sale, as indicating the greed of the promoters.

Holmes was the owner of the smallest tract of land among the five offered to the county. Regardless of the fact that the county was asked to pay \$645, he asked the combination handling the deal only \$4000 for his eight and one-half acres, or at the rate of about \$470 per acre. Yet in the face of this they squeezed him for a 12 1/2 per cent commission—\$500 out of the \$4000, when the sworn testimony already introduced is to the effect that the deal was to be handled and put through the Board of Supervisors for 5 per cent. Holmes' own testimony seems to rather effectually explode the 5 per cent admission.

The outstanding facts grow bigger as the investigation is pursued. Fitting and Holmes gave up \$4432.50 of the money the county was supposed to pay them, and only one-third of the purchase yet investigated.

The promoters talk about a 5 per cent commission, and yet by the testimony of Frank Holmes they held him up for a 12 1/2 per cent commission, after he had already knocked nearly \$200 per acre off the price the county had agreed to pay.

How easy for a weak man to break a promise!

Some men are troubled with temporary deafness; it all depends on who is talking and what is wanted.

WITH WILDING AND HIS CONCERT BAND

BAND TO PRESENT RARE PROGRAM TONIGHT

Firemen to Be "At Home" to Citizens and Taxpayers in the New Fire Station. Be Sure You Attend.

The weather, the band concert program and the fact that the members of the fire company are to be "at home" tonight is going to make Upland the popular mecca tonight. Frank Blaikie is to play a cornet solo, and those who have known and heard Mr. Blaikie will be sure to attend the concert. Director Wilding and his men have an excellent program to present, one of the heaviest numbers being the overture by Wagner, "Rienzi." The musical numbers are varied, and as these hot days are followed by a warm evening everyone will be out tonight.

The members of the fire company extend you an invitation to visit the new fire station.

The band concert follows:

1. March, "Entry of the Gladiators".....Fueki
 2. Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....Volstead
 3. Cornet Solo.....Selected Mr. Blaikie
 4. Selection from "The Beggar Student".....Att. Meyrelles
- INTERMISSION
5. March, "El Capitan".....Souza
 6. Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
 7. (a) Intermezzo, "La Rose," Achser (b) "Slippery Hank".....Losey
 8. Selection, "Mam'selle Napoleon".....Luders
 9. Finale, "Star-Spangled Banner."

TWO NEW BUSES ON A. R. G. LINE

The A. R. G. Bus Company is doing such a thriving business from Ontario and Upland, headquarters will be moved to Ontario, the garage on North Euclid avenue just north of Fire Station No. 1 having been rented and is now used by the company, although the office and waiting station is at Johnston's Confectionery, 115 North Euclid avenue, Ontario, and Upland Tavern. Several new cars have been added, so that eight round trips a day are now made from Upland and Ontario. With the addition of new cars and increased schedule it is not necessary to change at Pomona, but the run is made right through.

The A. R. G. has proved very popular since it first began to run, its business increasing daily, until now nearly every bus is full. A popular feature is the theater bus on Saturday and Sunday only. It leaves Upland at 5:45 p. m., Ontario at 5:55 p. m., arriving in Los Angeles at 7:50. Returning, leaves King Edward at 11:30, Hollenbeck at 11:45, arriving in Ontario at 1:35 and Upland at 1:45.

OBITUARY

John Baxter Long was born in Cambridge, Ohio, December 10, 1868. He departed from this life in San Bernardino, California, on July 30, 1915, at the age of 47 years 7 months and 20 days.

He moved with his parents to Iowa in 1880, and in his early teens united with the United Presbyterian Church of Eugene, Iowa.

He was faithful to the church all his life and was choir leader for many years; in fact, until failing health caused him to retire from active part in the services.

He was united in marriage with Florence E. Rapp on January 1, 1894. Five children were born to them, two of whom, Merion and Laurence, have preceded him to the Father's home above. Marjorie, Loren and Harold are left to comfort their mother.

In 1907 he with his family moved to Fort Morgan, Colo., and in 1913 they came to California.

He leaves, besides the wife and children, a father, mother, four sisters, three brothers and a host of friends to mourn the loss of a loving husband, a kind father, a dutiful son, a beloved brother and a sincere friend.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend to our friends and neighbors our sincere thanks for the kindness shown us during the sickness and death of our beloved husband and father. The many beautiful floral offerings were greatly appreciated.

FLORENCE E. LONG, MARJORIE LONG, LOREN LONG, HAROLD LONG.

Some people in this wide world live on a very narrow margin.

COUNTY GRAND JURY TO INVESTIGATE THE PURCHASE OF NEW CO. HOSPITAL SITE

ATTORNEY S. W. McNABB TO CONDUCT INVESTIGATION FOR COUNTY

CONVENES NEXT WEEK

Grand Jury to Discover Who's Who in Hospital Site Purchase, and the Probe Is to Go Clear to the Bottom.

The grand jury Tuesday named Attorney S. W. McNabb as special investigator to take charge of the probe of the so-called scandal of the county hospital site and poor farm purchase. The inquisitors asked District Attorney T. W. Duckworth to deputize McNabb, so that he could legally make the probe as the representative of the district attorney's office.

Mr. Duckworth immediately named McNabb as a deputy, and McNabb at once took charge of the inquiry to bring before the grand jury all the details of the deal in which a portion of the county's money, instead of buying real estate, paid for political influence.

"The grand jury desires to conduct the inquiry independent of the administration," was the announcement of Dist. Atty. Duckworth. In accordance with his policy, Foreman W. W. Brison would make no announcement.

Mr. Duckworth appeared before the jurors and announced that he was ready, as it is his duty, to conduct the probe, if the grand jury so desired it, he was willing that another attorney should take charge.

"I want to know what happened in that deal, and exactly what happened," said the district attorney.

"And I intend to know." He told the grand jurors if they decided they wanted an attorney not connected with his office he would deputize the man. He told the grand jury, however, that body must name the man without his office being consulted as to his identity.

The selection of Attorney McNabb followed, and that attorney was summoned to the grand jury room, where the matter was discussed. Later McNabb and Mr. Duckworth conferred.

To Go to the Bottom

The action of the grand jury in ordering the employment of special counsel to take up the hunt for graft indicates the inquisitors intend to look into every angle of the affair.

In none of the allegations of the suit of A. E. Nickerson, which developed that money had been paid E. A. Parkford and that two of the property owners did not get within several thousand dollars of the amount the county directed they should, have there been charges of criminal graft. It has not been charged any place in the Nickerson suit that public officials were paid a portion of the money. No indictment could be returned unless there is evidence that the money reached public officials.

The grand jury, however, plainly intends to dig thoroughly into all the angles of the deal, and the probe will undoubtedly indicate how the interests of the county were cared for in the purchase.

The grand jurors have the advantage of being able to talk to a witness without it ever becoming known what his testimony was.

All the land owners, Parkford and others who are known to have knowledge of certain angles of the deal, have been served with subpoenas. Attorney Cecil H. Phillips, who, single-handed, developed all the startling testimony that has led to the popular demand for a grand jury investigation, as well as the request from the public officials and Parkford, was in the grand jury room yesterday afternoon. He will be asked for information in his possession.

The grand jury Tuesday adjourned at the call of the foreman, and it is the plan that the next session will be a week from today.

Following were the members of the grand jury present: W. A. Manson, W. W. Brison, of San Bernardino; A. E. Brock, John P. Flek, J. C. Kubias, of Redlands; W. E. Westland, E. C. Mehl, E. G. Eymann, Guy Bodenhamer, Upland; H. A. Brimmer, E. A. Bemis, Rialto; E. F. Van Luyen, R. L. Deakins, of Colton.

BUCKEYE STATE FOLKS TO PICNIC

OHIO ASSOCIATIONS PLAN BIG GET-TOGETHER

Thursday, August 26th. Is the Date for the Assembling of the Cohorts Now Resident in Southern California.

Natives and former residents of Ohio now living in Southern California will picnic at Bixby Park, Long Beach, Thursday, Aug. 26. The Buckeyes have a great organization called the Federation of Ohio Societies of Southern California.

This federation has thousands of members in the territory from Bakersfield to National City, and many thousands more are eligible. Judge William A. Spill of Pasadena is the president and Isaac Springer, 233 I. W. Hellman building, Los Angeles, is secretary. A mammoth basket picnic dinner will be held at Bixby Park at noon and the Federation will furnish gallons of free coffee and ice-cold lemonade to wash it down. The general committee has arranged for the Long Beach Municipal Band to be present and furnish music. A splendid program is being prepared and rates will be secured at all the concessions for those who desire to employ their time in that manner. It was originally intended to have Governor Frank B. Willis present, but he wires the committee that it will be impossible for him to be in Southern California until about Oct. 1st. Each of the local societies is to furnish a "stunt" for the program. This doesn't mean a speech, for oratory is to be indulged in very temperately. The "stunts" will be very entertaining, as each society will vie with the other in presenting the most novel and entertaining stunt.

Further announcements are promised later. Through trains and special rates are being secured on all roads for the suburban cities and the owners of automobiles are already making up parties of friends for the trip. Last year there were about six thousand registered, and this year it is expected the attendance will go to three times that figure.

SOUTHLAND GARDEN FOR ORANGE SHOW

A southland garden effect for the decorative scheme of the Sixth National Orange Show, to be held in San Bernardino Feb. 17 to 24 next year, has been proposed by F. M. Renfro, general manager, to the executive committee. Overhead, it is planned, will be the foliage of a veritable garden, with song birds warbling among the greenery and flowers. The scheme for the exposition grounds is worked out in a rustic way with pergolas clad with wisteria and other clinging vines, interspersed with orange-hued lights for the brilliant night effect. A pergola will be erected over the entire display of prize fruits that will form the garden wall. Rustic benches will be placed at intervals about the grounds.

The plans for the exposition exceed in magnitude any of the previous National Orange Shows which have been staged by the citrus fruit growers of California and the people of San Bernardino to portray the beauties and riches of the orange.

The poster design to be used in advertising the exposition has been selected. With the arrowhead, the famous landmark, that is emblazoned on the mountains above the city, as a background transfixed in a field of sun-kissed skies, Beauty, the Queen of the Southland sits crowned on an orange throne, the orange being halved, the flaming color of the orange contrasting with the rose-tinted cheeks of Beauty. On either side of the throne spread orange groves, while in the background are the mountains that show the arrowhead.

One on Casey

Clancy was chucking. "What's the joke?" asked Mooney. "Why, Casey bet me \$10 he couldn't shoot a peanut off me head with a shotgun."

"What's funny about that?" "I took him up because I know he'll miss it."—Judge.

A wise man questions his own wisdom; but a fool, never.

Hope may bud when it is cloudy, but it blooms only in sunshine.

ton; C. N. Ross, of Etiwanda; J. M. Horton, of Ontario; C. A. Sherrod, of East Highlands.

Herman Harris, J. J. Suess and E. E. Richardson were not present.

EUCLID AND SAN ANTONIO LODGES

FRATERNAL AID HOLDS AN IMPORTANT MEETING

Members From Several Cities Hold Conference on the Good of the Order. Mr. and Mrs. Lacey Attend.

Prominent in the week's social activities, which had for its inspiration a joint meeting between Euclid Lodge No. 81 and San Antonio Council 530, F. A. U., was held at Ontario last Friday evening, the latter enjoying the delightful hospitality as guests.

After a short business session of the Upland Council, in which one member was obligated, an adjournment took place, and with a class of candidates boarded the P. E. car for the W. O. W. hall at Ontario, where the meeting was held. Here they met a most hearty and fraternal welcome.

Bro. Price of the Ontario Council called the meeting to order, assigning the officers of San Antonio lodge to seats of honor, and after the routine business four candidates were initiated into Upland Council, assisted by the Ontario Council.

It was assuredly a good meeting. Among the special guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lacey, State organizer, of Pasadena, and District Organizer Tillie M. Kerley of Los Angeles, also Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stroud and Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Pomona.

Bro. Lacey and Stroud gave interesting talks—told many good features in the Fraternal Aid Union and explained in a very able manner the various plans and certificates of the order. Both endorsed the American Four certificates, similar to the old line standard of insurance.

Mr. W. M. Stroud will meet with San Antonio Council at their next regular meeting Friday, August 20, and will be glad to explain to every member and to anyone else who is interested in the Big Four the very best form of insurance and how to secure it under the most favorable terms, and we hope for a good attendance of the members, not only to meet Mr. Stroud, but to greet Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tracey of Pasadena and the visiting members from Ontario, Pomona and other councils.

Impromptu talks were made by Mr. C. Churchill and other fraternal members. Mrs. Lacey gave an enthusiastic little talk in regard to the session of the Supreme Lodge held in Pasadena, commencing on July 27, and the delightful manner in which they were entertained by the reception committee, of which Mr. Lacey was chairman. Enthusiasm by the green of the verdure, the loveliness of the floral life, the magnificence of the stately country homes in the Pasadena section and the vista of orange orchards spread before them, the delegates from the middle west broke into constant exclamation of praise of the country we call California—said they came to see two big shows, but found three.

The meeting was a splendid one from every point of view. The two lodges are alive and mean business and are certainly managed by business men and women. Bro. Earnest Hess is district organizer for San Antonio and Ontario Councils, and is confining his efforts largely to American four per cent certificates. Taking it all together, July and August have been lively months, and I am sure all who attended this meeting went home enthused and with a higher regard for his fellow man and love of universal brotherhood. Before closing the penny march was led by Mrs. Lacey and attendant. Four prizes were given by Ontario Council, four from Upland and four from Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lacey.

Delightful refreshments of ice cream and cooling drinks were served at Johnson's Confectionery as a parting courtesy to their guests.

Surely such gatherings, renewing old friendships, creating new ones and materially strengthening the bond of fraternalism, is good.

CHAFFEY POULTRY RECORDS

The total eggs gathered this week at the Chaffey Model Farm did not come up to last week's record by three, but a general improvement is prevalent in a number of pens.

Pens 11, 12, 16, 17, 18 and 19 are gaining.

The week's records: Pen No. 1, 8; No. 2, 17; No. 3, 10; No. 4, 26; No. 5, 23; No. 6, 6; No. 7, 9; No. 8, 10; No. 9, 24; No. 10, 15; No. 11, 25; No. 12, 22; No. 13, 12; No. 14, 11; No. 15, 6; No. 16, 22; No. 17, 24; No. 18, 17; No. 19, 22. Total, 390.

FIRE RAGES IN LYTLE CREEK AND BURNS OVER LARGE AREA

BUILDINGS SAVED

HEAVILY WOODED SECTION OF CANYON SCENE OF BLAZING FURNACE

NOW UNDER CONTROL

Forest Supervisor Charlton and the Rangers of Entire Reserve Make Gallant Fight to Stop the Onward Rush of Flames.

Fighting desperately, rangers and fire fighters late Wednesday made a stand against a fierce fire in Lytle Creek and apparently checked the flames at South Fork. Late last night the fire was still burning over a large area, and while probably it will continue to burn for at least another 24 hours, it was believed the situation is much improved. A heavy wind that fanned the flames into the speed of an express train during the morning and afternoon had lulled last night. There are 120 men on the fire line.

Women yesterday took their places on the fire line, so rapidly did the flames leap along the path of destruction. Mrs. A. R. Meyer, wife of the Lytle Creek ranger, aided in the fight against the flames that were burning across the road. At the Dr. J. M. Coburn ranch, Mrs. Coburn aided in the fight against the flames rushing toward the ranch buildings.

The lower Coburn ranch was burned, and the buildings destroyed, but, due to a stand by the rangers in what Dr. Coburn described as the most brilliant work he had ever witnessed, the flames were beat back from the upper ranch, where the family lived, and although the fire was burning on all sides the property was saved. The rangers and fire fighters used back fire to clear the space to meet the rush of the flames.

The fire was discovered by Ranger Meyer about 6 o'clock, and early it became apparent the situation was serious. Thirty men were hurried from Rialto and Fontana. Thirty more, headed by A. B. Miller of the Fontana company, answered the second call, and from the west came Division Ranger McElfresh of Upland, with Rangers Sloan of Glendora and Allen of Alta Loma. Rangers Meyer, Johnson, of Cajon, Hayden of Devil Canyon, were on the ground immediately. H. H. Maynie, Supervisor Charlton's assistant in the Los Angeles office, was already in the canyon.

Supervisor Charlton was in the eastern end of the range, and with Ranger Anderson of the Upper Santa Ana region made a wild ride down the mountain to San Bernardino, took on pack equipment here so that it will be possible to scale the canyon walls to make a fight from the top, and hurried on to Lytle Creek. Division Ranger Jensen of this city directed the operations from here.

The rangers believe the fire was set, the same as that of ten days ago.

Glenn Ranch and the cabins in that region are not in the path of the fire.

The region in which the fire is burning has not been visited by fire in 40 or 50 years, and the brush is dense. It is dry, and with a wind behind the flames the rush was described as terrifying.

The forestry service had the situation well in hand last night, and regarded the fire, although burning, as under control.

START OCEAN-TO-OCEAN PAVING IN TEN DAYS

The paving of that portion of the Ocean-to-Ocean highway between Ontario and Colton is to commence within ten days, according to County Highway Commissioner Freeman, who appeared before the city council of Ontario Monday evening to arrange for renting the city steam roller, scarifier and grader.

The county road gang will commence at the eastern city limits on A street and work east, and it will probably build the pavement at the rate of two miles a month. The city will receive \$9 per day for the rental of its implements.

Words are used either to express ideas or the lack thereof.

Most tall stories are more or less thin.

THE UPLAND NEWS

WILLIAM E. WESTLAND, Editor and Proprietor
Phone Sunset 29

Entered at the postoffice at Upland, California, as second-class mail matter

SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING RATES

One Year.....\$1.50 Six Months.....75c
Eight Months.....1.00 Three Months.....40c
Liners in Local News column, per line, each issue.....10 cents
Minimum charge for Liners in Local News column, 30 cents
Classified, per word, each insertion.....1 cent
Minimum charge for Classified, 25 cents

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1915

FORMER Senator Burton of Ohio, is in agreement with economists and students in the prediction that after the war we will have to face the keenest competition we have known, and this needs a thorough revision of our tariff along Republican lines of protection. The business of the U. S. will face a great commercial war. It will face business backed by governments exerting every effort. There is but one policy to meet such rivalry. American business should go forth to war with support as wise and thorough and unwavering as that of any people. Get behind American business and American business will win.

MARY had a little lamb, and she took it to Pittsburg one day—just look at the darn thing now! Thus might be summed up the condition of "reform" in this dear old imperial county of San Bernardino, for it has not been many months since the people elected two supervisors, who in pre-election noise were said to be "holier than thou," and who, following the election, with Supervisor Horton—famed as the watchdog of the treasury—formed what has become famous throughout the county as the "solid three." With the developments in the purchase of a county hospital site indications are that a real estate agent—E. A. Parkford of Ontario, who was supposed to be largely influential in electing Supervisors Riley and Kincaid—received a large slice of the people's money as commission and for his influence, and that the supervisors paid a political debt. Therefore, there is ascending skyward an odor with a smell to it, and the people are wondering if the watchdog slept while on sentry duty, and of reform there goes up from every voter and taxpayer, "Oh, Reform, where was thy stinger?"

Of the deal the Redland Facts of Redland has the following to say:

"That the matter may be thoroughly understood, the Facts would explain that there has not been any testimony developed indicating that any supervisor had anything to do with unclean money. Yet there was undoubtedly upon the members of the board the responsibility of seeing that nothing of this kind occurred. The county is entitled to have men for supervisors who will not allow \$645 per acre to be paid for land, when the owners of the land get but \$500, and the county gets but \$500 in value."

RECONSTRUCTION of curricula of the public schools to meet new demands of pupils and parents, and of educators with an innovating temperament, is leading to organization of so-called junior high schools. It is another case of the West pioneering the way and the East coming after, and as such it is taken quite as a matter of course, so common is the experience in the contemporary evolution of pedagogues as practiced in the United States. In so far as the junior high school is a sincere attempt to meet admitted defects of the traditional scheme by which, after eight years in the elementary school, the child was somewhat abruptly passed to a four-year high school course originally quite uniform in its type and methods, there is nothing but commendation for the plan. So large a proportion of the youth miss the high school stage of education that it does not seem prudent, at least, to make the last grades of the elementary course as serviceable and as broadly conceived as possible. Whereas, for children who will pass into the high schools anyway, it may be advantageous if, through the changes which the junior high school brings to pass, the period of transition is rendered less perplexing.

Undoubtedly, under the conventional system, the step from the elementary grades to the high school grades is one that causes many young persons to stumble or fall by the wayside; and it accounts for the diminished size of the class as it passes from the freshman to the sophomore stage. The practical objection to the new plan is the facility it offers for that concentration on a specialty and a vocational choice which carries the elective system of education down to a point in the career of the child when he can hardly fail to be premature in his judgment and when it is regrettable that he should have standards of utility set up in his or her thought as a measure of value for any given course of study. We say the junior high school plan facilitates such a tendency, but it has not been so handled in many communities that have experimented with it. And it need not turn that way if rightly handled by school officials.—Monitor.

THE influence of good roads upon economic and social conditions is discussed in an article by S. M. Williams, of Lima, Ohio, in "Better Roads and Streets." In the course of the article he says:

"In Jackson county, Alabama, a bond issue of \$250,000 was voted for road improvement, and 24 per cent of the roads in the county were worked over or improved. Prior to this road improvement the average selling price of farm land in Jackson county was from \$6 to \$16 per acre, according to the location, soil and other general conditions. But after the improvements were completed and their advantages realized the average selling price of the same land advanced to an average of \$15 to \$25 per acre."

"In Lee county, Virginia, a farmer owned 100 acres along the road between Ben Hur and Jonesville, and which, before the road was improved, he had offered to sell for \$1800, which offer was not accepted. Several years later agitation was started for the improvement of this road, and the farmer owning the land bitterly fought against the proposed improvement, as a portion of the cost would be levied against his farm. The road was improved, however, and shortly after the improved road was opened to traffic the farmer refused a voluntary offer of \$3000 for the same farm."

"In Dinwiddie county, also in Virginia, where a good system of hard surfaced roads have been constructed during the past five years, an average load of tobacco has risen from 1200 pounds to 4000 pounds, which is an increase of 233 per cent for a two-horse team, which increase is solely due to the improvement of roads."

Many other illustrations of the value of improved roads as investments for landowners are given.

"To ship wheat by ocean freight from New York to Liverpool," says Mr. Williams, "costs a little more than 2 cents a bushel. The distance is 3100 miles. In Jefferson county, Tennessee, prior to the improvement of the roads, it cost farmers 15 cents per bushel to haul wheat ten miles."

The best road for the automobile is the cheapest road for the loaded farm wagon.

WILL IRWIN, a celebrated American newspaper man, has come back to New York after a year as war correspondent with the Allies in France and Belgium, and now that he is home and outside the pale of war censors in England and France, he can speak his mind with perfect safety. Therefore, what Will Irwin says now bears the stamp of actuality.

Irwin makes the startling statement that Kitchener is a failure, and that the British are just now awakening. He says: "I came from the back door of the war. I have been around the British hospitals at Boulogne, chiefly."

"How does the war stand? In my opinion, just as it did at first. Eventually the Allies will win. The big setback came in the spring. The Russians were a disappointment. These were dark days. Kitchener has been a failure. The magic of his name proved wonderful in raising troops, but on the munitions end he was weak. It was deplorable the way this phase was overlooked. This has been put aside now and they are facing the situation. But the old war office just didn't see the situation."

"The failure to see what this war is—a war of high explosives—was costly. Now the British have awakened. They are working with British intelligence. I saw England depressed for the first time and said this is a good sign. The harder you depress the British the harder they will fight."

"Now they are trying to organize the people back of the army. The man of the hour is Lloyd George. He is doing well. Lloyd George, you know, is nothing short of an anarchist to the Tories, but even they admit they have got to have him. The little beggar of the low class, they call him, but they say, 'We've got to have him to deal with the low classes. They have to be dealt with.'"

AND in the midst of this summer season we find mother, and the sons and daughters, at the beach or mountain resorts, or journeying to the expositions—and in this on-rush of keeping pace with your neighbors—what about father? Father is a much criticised individual because he smokes, swears somewhat, and often stays out late at night, but when it comes to aiding the family in an annual outing he seems to be the mainstay in the majorities of families. Of course, most fathers have come to the conclusion that this vacation bug is largely fad, for you are just as uncomfortable at the beach, if the general weather conditions are warm, as you are in your own home. And then, too, living in an apartment house, where the folks either above or below are having a high old time, and you are having the same thing when they want to sleep, may be the modern idea, but comfort is as far removed as one can imagine. But at the beach you see all sorts of examples in human form, for here is mother grown stout as the years rolled on, while her husband—dried up in a two-by-four office during those same years—both garbed in bathing suits ready for a plunge in the surf—not exactly because they enjoy it, but if their neighbors do it it's absolutely necessary that they do the same thing. And poor father—his limbs have grown bony through many hours at a desk endeavoring to keep his family in the proper sphere, and unaccustomed to those chilling breezes, his knees knock together with a reverberating echo, while chatteringly he tells mother that the office is the place for him. Mother, however, insists that it's all the rage, and if the Browns, the Smiths, and the Joneses do it, it's up to father to do the same thing. The other day we noticed the following, and the fathers of this city—perhaps the mothers—may be interested, and may the sons and daughters read this carefully, for they may have the impression that father is a stone about the neck of the entire family:

"Dad, here's to you!"

"We happened in a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in red yarn on a porous plaster background, 'What Is Home Without a Mother?' Across the room was another brief 'God Bless Our Happy Home.'"

"Now, what's the matter with 'God Bless Our Dad?' He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg and gives the lawn a close shave while mother is still dreaming of how she is going to trim Mrs. Gotthe Stuff at bridge that afternoon."

"He rustles the weekly hand-out for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman, the baker, along with several etc.'s, and before he is home an hour on pay day his weekly stipend has shrunk to just the size of earfare and six sittings in the broad arm chair at the jitney dairy lunch palace."

"If there is a strange noise in the house at night, Dad is kicked in the back and sent downstairs to find the burglar and kill him—or get put to sleep by a rap on the bean. Mother darns the sox, but Dad puts up for the socks in the first place, then the yarn and needles, and patiently stands for the callouses on his feet which the darned socks make."

"Mother puts up the fruit against Dad putting up the price of the fruit, the sugar and the jars. Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them for the family, and after the rush, draws from the ruins the neck, or the other extremity."

"What is home without a mother? Yes, that's all right, but What is home without a father?"

Dad, here's to you! You've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we'll miss you when you're gone."

"When that Ship Comes In"

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Then is the time
to be on your guard

TAKE PLENTY OF TIME TO
CONSIDER AND INVESTIGATE,
FOR MONEY INVESTED HASTILY
IS USUALLY REPENTED AT
LEISURE.

MEANWHILE WE CAN PAY
YOU FOUR PER CENT PER AN-
NUM ON FUNDS LEFT SIX
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POETRY

Somebody has sent me a little book of real poetry, composed by pupils of Public School 45, New York City.

From the names of the young authors I gather that they are new crop Americans. They run: Otto, Mitelesano, Cerelli, Tuzza, Dennerlein, Berliner, Gentile, Hasst, Pasquale de Gregorio, which suggest the melting pot. The names Mary Higgins and Ada, Ford indicate that we have a few Englishers left.

The poetry in the book is good. It may not rise to the level of incoherence necessary to get it into the 35-cent magazines, and it lacks the required glooms, gripes and self-pity to place it among the highest class of free-lunch artistry; but it is poetry none the less.

It is poetry because it is honest observation of nature and simple statement of soul-states caused thereby, in words that are plain, musical and naive.

It recalls the best type of Asiatic poetry, particularly Japanese, Chinese and Arabic.

For the most part rhyme is sensibly disregarded, so that thought flows naturally, and we get a pleasing, honestly drawn picture.

For instance, Frank Mitelesano:
The sun is setting,
The light is fading,
The birds are not singing,
The garden gate is closing.

You can feel the twilight in that. And when Pasquale de Gregorio writes of the swing he gives you the real, home-made swing flavor:

Wind, push my swing into the air,
The moon is waiting for me.
The wind is blowing in my face,
The birds won't catch me,
I can fly as fast as they.

Annie Rende gives us a childish gush of pleasure. She doesn't indulge in any soul-writhings. She is in for a good time and makes you wish you were young enough to lope out and have a game of prisoner's base with her:

The spring is here,
And I am gay,
For now I can go out and play.

Robert Schiano also tells what he sees. The lines are sharp and clear:

The girls skate up and down the street,
The boys play ball and scream,
While the magnolia tree is bud-
ding.

He spreads his branches far apart.
Tis a wonderful sight our street,
With the boys, the girls and the
magnolia tree.

Anybody could have noted the boys and girls, but Robert saw the tree, and sensed its relation to the scene.

If the boys and girls who have composed these poems, and if other boys and girls who feel the movements of poetry within them will continue to set down in clear language the impressions this wondrous world makes upon them; if they will avoid morbid, sickly and borrowed emotions, and interpret what they see with their own glad eyes and what they feel with their own eager hearts, they may grow up to cheer the weary earth with their pens.

The secret of any good writing is honesty, not trying to pose. The rest is practice. But unless a writer's heart is simple and sincere his work will always ring false.

I thank the pupils of P. S. 45 for a half-hour of clean literary enjoyment. I thought all the poets had gone to bed with the doldrums.—Dr. Frank Crane.

Jitney Verse

A woman from Prairie du Chien
Went up in a flying machine.

It busted. And then
She came right down again
Kerflop on the unsullied green.

Homemade advice is just as satisfactory as any of the other brands.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

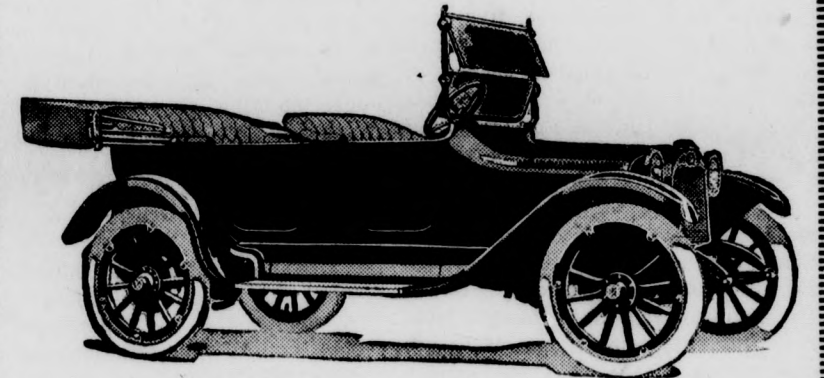
More than twenty thousand owners are now telling their friends why this is far from being an ordinary car

They emphasize its steadiness, the freedom from gear shifting, the quick get-away and the absence of vibration. Among many evidences of quality they point especially to the full-floating rear axle, the unit power plant and the full real leather upholstery with natural curled hair filling.

The wheelbase is 110 inches

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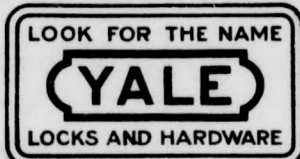
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Life Let Us Live
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equipped with the water cooler make life the more worth living these Summer days. Let us demonstrate the newer models of this celebrated line. The prices are right, too.



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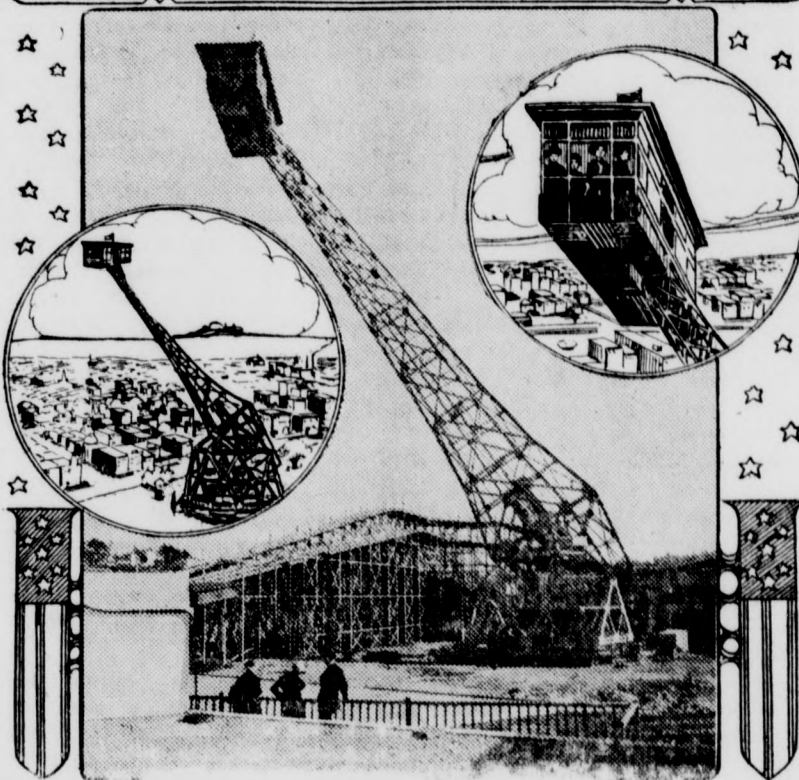
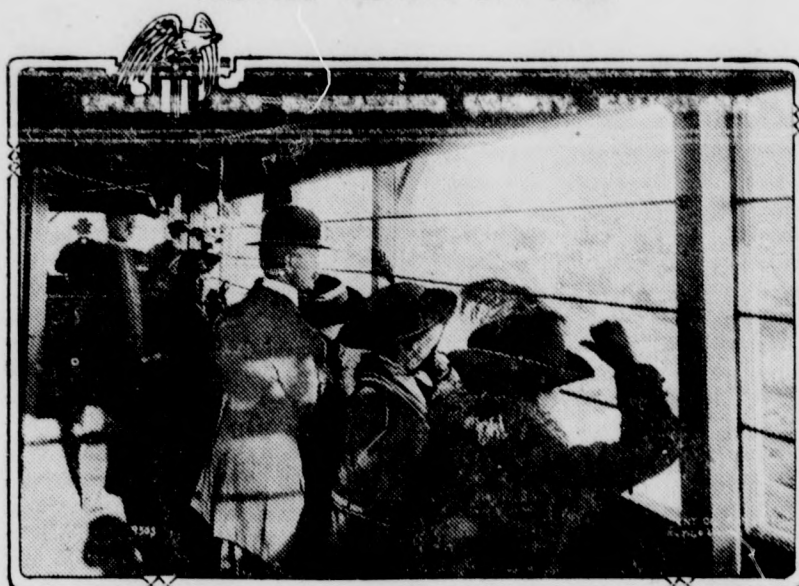
Time flies you know
and besides this special
low rate is not in
effect every day.

—via the



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**Marvelous Aeroscope at the Panama-Pacific Inter-
national Exposition, San Francisco. Raises
Amazed Visitors 264 Feet**



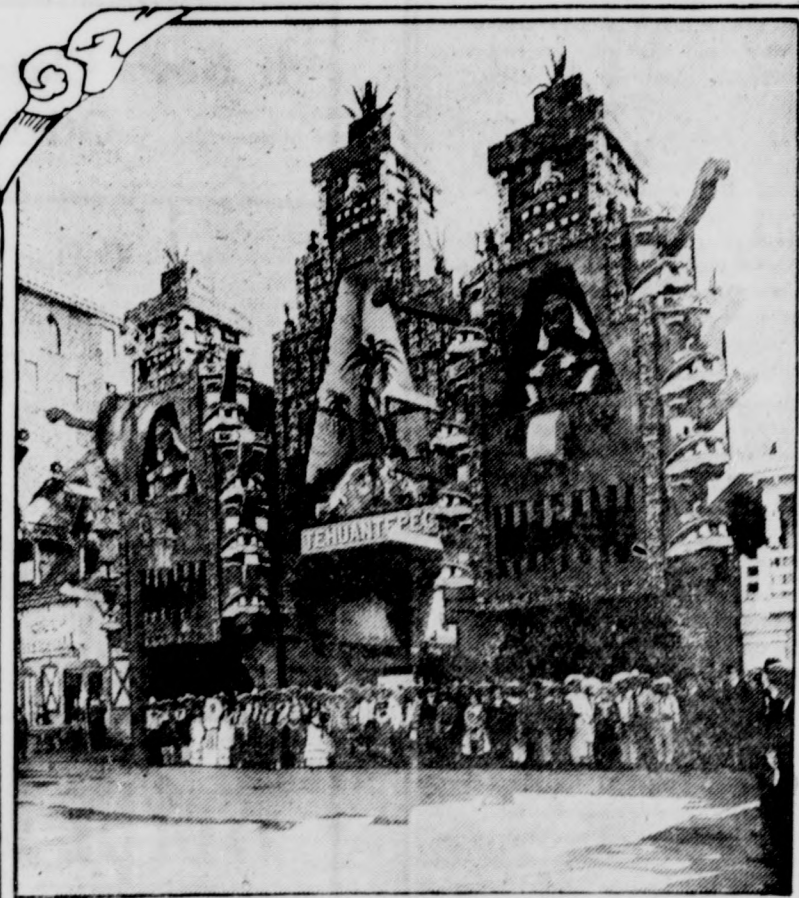
FOR the seeker of amusement there is opportunity a-plenty in the great mechanical achievement, the aeroscope, on the Zone, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. The aeroscope is built on the order of a giant crane of a novel and intricate design, with a seating capacity of 100 and standing room for twenty more. The car is perfectly balanced, and perfect safety and a jarring ride of ten minutes are assured to passengers who enjoy this trip of 264 feet into the clouds. This is four feet higher than the Ferris wheel. Two motors control the ascent and descent in conjunction with the counterbalance of this huge car, and when it reaches its extreme height it begins to swing slowly around on the series of wheels at its base, giving the passenger a view of the surrounding country from every point.

Toyland Grown Up Wonderful Feature at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition



SCENES in famous Toyland concession on the Zone at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. In this great amusement device, which covers fourteen acres, toys are reproduced upon a gigantic scale, the figures here shown being eighty feet in height.

Tehuantepec Displays Native Art at the Big Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco



This photograph shows the beautiful Tehuantepec Village on the Zone, the \$10,000,000 amusement section, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Here skilled craftsmen from faraway Tehuantepec show the manufacture of their native textiles and pottery.

WARNING AGAINST ALFALFA

The following letter written by a farmer has been received by us. For obvious reasons his name and address are omitted:

Dear Sir: If you don't want a lot of trouble, don't sow alfalfa. A long the middle of June, when the corn needs cultivation the most, we had to stop and cut the darned alfalfa. It was in bloom, three feet high. We had to haul in twenty loads of hay off it.

In July the folks in town invited us to spend a week attending the Chautauqua. I suppose they were glad when they got my postcard announcing that we could not come because we had to cut that darned alfalfa patch again. Worse still, I was fool enough to go to work and sow five more bushels of alfalfa seed. The only rest I'll get from hauling alfalfa will be on rainy days.

It got to rain in September, and the first thing I knew that darned alfalfa was three feet high and all in bloom; it had to have another hair cut.

Then Barnum & Bailey's circus came to town, and darned my buttons if I didn't have to miss that circus for the first time in forty years. I got mad and then turned the pigs, cows and calves into it; and still the darned stuff kept on growing to beat the cars. They could not keep it down; they got fat on it.

But still this alfalfa hay that we sweat so cuttin' and stackin' makes mighty fine stuffing for the cows these cold ground hog days. Everything on the place eats it except the hired girl, and she ain't been here long.

Out of the Mouths of Babies

Small Tommy was interested in a caller's gold-filled tooth. Finally he said: "Mamma, I know what makes Mrs. Blank's tooth so shiny. She talks so fast her tongue keeps it polished."

A difference between husband and wife is less dangerous than indifference.

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8 TRAINS DAILY 8
In Each Direction at Convenient Hours

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Leaving Los Angeles—3:00, 7:30, 9:00, 11:30 A. M., 2:30, 4:35, 7:40 and 11:15 P. M.

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Animal Bone & Potash.....	2.00%	17.00%	10.00%

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None Too Small for

The News Print Shop

IT has taken several years and a large investment in machinery for The News management to be able to make the statement that there is not a job of printing too large nor too small to be successfully produced in THE NEWS PRINT SHOP.

DURING the past year a Two-Revolution Optimus Press, also a new 12x18 Chandler & Price Job Printing Press, have been installed, in order that buyers of printing might find in this city a plant which can produce not only the regular run of commercial printing, but also the best in high-class half-tone and color work.

WE are here to prove to you the above statements, and to stand behind every piece of Job Printing produced in this shop. If it isn't right, or you are not perfectly satisfied with it, let us know and it will be made satisfactory.

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NATIONAL BANK BOND is a fine writing paper, such as is used by Banks, Manufacturers, Retailers, Wholesalers and Professional Men. In price it is within reach of all.

Why not let us figure with you on your next order and use NATIONAL BANK BOND, the paper that is recognized throughout the commercial world for its appropriateness to business uses. In this paper we offer you the choice of White and Five attractive tints. Envelopes to match if you wish them.

You'll be interested in the samples we have to show you. When may we call?

The Upland News Print Shop

Phone 29

Society

W. C. T. U. Social—

The W. C. T. U. gave one of their charming socials on Tuesday evening. The following program was given:

Song, "America," by the audience. Prayer by the Rev. Shelly of the Mennonite Church.

Song, "Samantha's Advice and Josiah's Reply," by Mrs. Haury and Mr. Cromer.

Then came a debate on the question, "Resolved, That Samantha's opinion was better than Josiah's," the president selecting two ladies and one gentleman as judges. Now, it is a foregone conclusion that the ladies will vote for the ladies unless the gentleman on the negative side are too good looking, which being the case in this debate the negative side secured all the votes, the one gentleman among the judges standing loyally for Josiah, in spite of the able manner in which the affirmative was conducted. The gentlemen on the negative were Mr. S. S. Sampson and Mr. J. C. Mehl. Those on the affirmative were Mr. J. M. Hartly and Judge Crane.

Song, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," by Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Merchant, Mr. Cromer and Mr. Mehl.

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Reading, "Luther Burbank and the Young," Mrs. J. M. Hartley. Song, "Lost Chord," Mrs. Abbott. "Mirandy on Suffrage," by Mrs. Sampson.

"That Boy Fritz," Mrs. Merchant. "The Photograph Album," Mrs. Mehl and Mrs. Gundy. Song by Ladies' Quartet, Mesdames Haury, Mehl, Merchant and Stone.

A social hour followed the program, during which lemonade and home-made cookies were served.

"Merry Wives"—

Mrs. P. O. Long will entertain the "Merry Wives" embroidery club on Friday of this week at her home on Campus avenue.

Lawn Social—

The Shamrock Club enjoyed a delightful social time on the lawn about the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Andrews Monday evening. Games were played, and after the evening's good time ice cream and cake were served.

The guests of the club for the evening were Mrs. J. H. Morgan, sister of Mrs. J. M. Hartley, from Lindsay, Cal., and Miss Lena Erickson. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Eckermann, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Wieland, Mr. and Mrs. Chilson, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Toerpe, Mrs. Korrel, Miss Wieland, Miss Chilson.

COMMAND OF THE SEA

No military triumphs that the Teutonic allies have gained in one year of war can compensate them for the loss of the command of the sea. These triumphs have been many, for they were prepared for the conflict, while the other powers were not. If peace were signed tomorrow, leaving everything in statu quo, the territorial gains of Germany, at least, would be very great indeed. But against this fact must be set a consideration of untold consequence. The German fleet is as if it did not exist. Its submarines have sunk merchant ships and murdered non-combatants, but the military effect of their successes is nil. Its battle ships remain in port. The few that were footloose have been captured or sunk. The German flag has been driven from the ocean. A rich commerce has been destroyed. Moreover, the German methods of warfare have aroused bitter indignation and resentment all over the world. If every German merchantman were now released, it would take years to regain what has been lost. With the memory of the Lusitania graven deep in our hearts, how many Americans would sail again on a German liner? To keep Belgium and Poland and a part of France would not be adequate compensation for the ruin of German foreign trade.

ALL ABOUT CALIFORNIA

By Jerusha Slinpkins (Alias Delia Reynolds)

Grand Lady Naburs—Gentleman Naburs, 'n the rest of you common naburs—My extinguished presence amongst you this evenin' is owin' to the fact that I have a little spare time from my arduous labors of enlightenin' the benighted people of this great and insidious State, on its beautiful beauties and wonder-wonders.

Now, fur the benefit of you that don't read the papers—especially the pink 'n green sheets—I will state that I am the grate and only original Miss Jerusha Slinpkins, of 'm-m-r-y-ville, and I'm takin' a little run around the airth—being sent out by the Sewer-preme Lodge of Great Grand Prevaricators of the State of California, to tell ye what I know that you don't know about California, her Resources, Other Sources and so forces.

Now, my dear, kind, and greatly self-esteemed naburs—both ladies and gentlemen (more specially the gentlemen), I cum here jest bilin' over with ideas about this grand 'n propoerous State of yours 'n mine 'n everybody's!

I love ye California—Your mountains, duff 'n horny; Your brooks with water runnin'!

I think you're awful cunnin'!

Now, I know what I'm talkin' about. Why, my dear hearers, and all that can't hear, and ain't here, you don't begin to know what I know. You've got to git up 'n git, 'n travel to find it all out. You think because you've bin over to Allamedy, 'n up in Allendale, 'n out in West Berkeley, that ye know it all, but ye don't. Now I've bin up 'n down, 'n over, 'n under, 'n in 'out, 'n across, 'n around every bit of 'n ere State. I've bin thru' the Needles, 'n the Majave Desert—into the Sittys of Lost Angels 'n Passederer 'n Bakingfield—up thru the San Squawkeen Valley, on my way to San San Frisky. I've been froze to death on the mountains. I've been sun struck on the plains—I've been drowned in the fog of the bay—I've been et up alive by fleas—I've bin run over by auto-mobels on yer Beulyvards! I tell ye they hain't nobody fitter to lectur on California than I be.

I've bin given this lectur all over the effect, 'n cold feet, 'n tender feet East. The big Railway maggots give me an awful salary to deliver up this lectur, because it has such a drawin' power to bring folks here to make a livin' on half an acre of ground! Out here where the sun shines—when it wants to; here where they's always good crops—when they don't have a frost; here where a man always works—when he can git a job. I tell ye my lectur is what's made California infamously the world over.

California is the liveliest State in the Union. I've seen the hull darn State git up in the early mornin' 'n dance a regular breakdown 'n a Highland Fling. It flung the dishes off the shelves 'n the bricks off the chimneys.

There ain't no state eal to it, unless it's the state of Matrimony, 'n the route to that state ain't never bin open to me!

California is a hospitable state. Why—it's the very hospital and insane asylum of the hull airth! It's the home of the prosecuted, 'n all them that expects to be prosecuted. Oh, it's sech a haven of rest 'n land of hope for grass widder.

I repeat—it's the greatest state in the world. I have bin to the Tropic of Cancer, 'n the Tropic of Erysilas. I have seen the Watch on the Rhine 'n the Dollar Watch. I've seen the Highway Islands 'n the Honnyhuler babies. I've bin up in Orrygin, where every mornin' they have cloud busts fur breakfast. I went over to Porkland 'n seen 'em put the Wood in Woodcraft, 'n cuttin' down the trees fur boostin' clubs!

But still I had spells of ongw (all I cum to California).

Oh-h! How well I remember the first little chromo I got picturin' out a sweet blonde girl in deeky, letty dress pickin' oranges in winter. Sech picters of artesian wells jest a squirtin' the water! It looked so real I was most afraid of fallin' 'n 'n gittin' drowned right there. But when I got the littlytetter about Oakland, I was all swallered up! I jest thought if I could only live long enuff to end my days in Oakland, it would be all I could ask fur, 'n I didn't know but I was askin' too much! I decided to dislocate myself here right away; so I jest

got 'n got here—'n I've bin havin' to git ever since. But I enjoy it. I set out on the Mirandy, 'n listen to the music of the fog horn on the bay, 'n the lonely wail of the muskeeto as he calls his mate to the feast.

California is loded fur beautiful scenery. I luv to see scenery. I can't climb her mountains—but I enjoy seerin' others clime. I like to see the water flow over the waterfalls 'n rip along the rivers. In the summer the country folks goes to the sea-shore—I mean the sea-shore. They look so cunnin' in their little bathin' suits made out of a quarter of a yard of flannel! California is noted fur its gold mines. They dig out the little nuggets 'n put 'em in banks, an' ye can't git 'em unless ye dynamite the banks. That's why I hain't got any. California is noted fur oil. Oil has a, bad smell—but lots of fokes has paid thousands of dollars 'n never got even a smell!

California is noted fur its feautful wimmen, and has been ever since my arrival. Our beautiful kangaroo-like forms—our nice home-made-up complexions, and our feet—why, they're immense.

We're noted fur our hortyculcheral 'n flortyculcheral interests. Why, we're just full of prunes! It is noted for its alkali, and other lies. California produces figs. Now, every family should raise enuff figs fur its own family fig sirrup.

It is noted fur its hoggist industries. Who hasn't heart of its 'Eastern Sugar cured hams'?

Out here, we are all equal—or we try to git equal. We don't brag about our four-fathers—two or three will do us. Now, I'm a D. A. R., but I don't never say nothing about it.

Jest now California is noted fur its Panama Passiffick Internashional Expositishun—no use talkin', it's one Big Show! I went over to take it all in, but I was all in before I got threw the Torrid Zone. They're tryin' to put a black eye on Allamedy County cause we didn't vote a million fur it. I want to tell ye, we're spendin' every million we git to go over 'n see it.

Don't we buy clothes on time down in Capwell's basement, 'n our hats in Kahn's attic, 'n our lingeerine on Taft's mizzenine floor, so we can go to the fair? Don't we dodge around the corner to miss the grocer 'n butcher? Has any of us paid our Doctor bills since President Wilson pushed the button on the wheels over there? No, by heck, we hain't. We're doing pretty fairly well by the Fair. If any ignoramus tries to put any stigmes on us, I'll jest rise up 'n run all over 'em.

As I was sayin', before I interrupted myself, it's a very nice Fair. I enjoy its High Art. I was lookin' high at the Venuses 'n Apollones 'n the Four Seasons 'n the Marymades 'n the other grate attractions without clothes, 'n was gazin' open-mouthed at the scare-o-scope, when over flew some lovely pigeons—'n that closed the scene. I went over 'n sat on the Fountain of Energy to ponder it all over.

They is ome people—mostly unformed folks, that passes pitiful remarks about the statcher's lack of clothin'. Now, who on airth—specially the men—wants to go 'n pay 50 cents jest to look at clothes? They is plenty o' clothes down in the store winders to look at gratis free, for nothin'. I seen a hull suit for 5.25, 'n I'd a got it, but I didn't have the 25.

They is some awful lovely statchers over there. There's one a posin' something like this: if 'twas all draped up, what a lot we'd miss. There's one a posin' jest like that; now, if he was dressed, he would lose off his hat.

There's wimmen there a lyin' down; (gone to bed 'n forgot their gown!)

Some High Art in Frisco town! Now, naburs, I'm goin' back to them poor sufferin' critters in the East 'n tell 'em to come out here. Every one of 'em, little 'n big; Ere the riggers of winter begin to rig;

Here where the blizzard never blizzes;

Where the summer gentle sizzes. From the time the Sun he rizzes. I will now close up by sayin': I love you, Californians.

I love you one and all, And if I'm here, I'll tango at Your Big Auditorium Ball.

Stationery printed at this office is giving the best of satisfaction. Last week we printed 500 statements for a man. By their first aid he collected a fortune. Two months ago a man bought of us some note paper to write to his sweetheart—and now he is married. Another man forged a name on a check printed at this office—and now he is in jail. Another stole some of our paper with which to make cigarettes—he is dead. A young lady bought some of our paper to curl her hair on—and now she has a beau. (We only have a little of this paper left.) By using our statements a person can collect old accounts, tell fortunes, cause rain, cause the color of hair, have teeth extracted without pain, find out the name of your future wife or husband, be successful in business and get elected to office. Give us a call.

No woman who believes in the eternal fitness of things will marry a man who is so tall that she can't reach his hair.

LIBRARY NEWS

There have been added to the list of library books lately by gift the following: Laddie, Porter; Passing Show (drawings), Wenzell; Great God Success, Phillips; Fall of Ulysses, an elephant story, Willard; Kindergarten at Home, Hillyer; Love and Law in Child Training, Poulson; Century of the Child, Key; Religion and Medicine, Worcester and others; Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, Hudson; What Is Wrong With Germany, Dawson; In School and Out, Optic; Golden Rock, Ellis; Mystery and Detective Stories (French-Italian), Hawthorne; World's Crisis in the Light of Prophecy; Finding the North Pole (Cook and Peary's own stories), Morris.

The following magazines for August are on the reading tables: American Boy, Assembly Herald, Boy's Magazine, Christian Science Journal Club Woman (July), Delinicator (July), Etude, Everybody's, Far West, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Monthly, Home Missionary Monthly, Ladies' Home Journal, Ladies' World (July), Little Folks, Motor Print (July), National Geographic (July), Needlecraft, Orchard and Farm, Overland Monthly, Popular Mechanics, Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Review of Reviews, Scribner's, Southern California White Ribbon, Sunset (July), Technical World (July), Woman's Home Companion (July), Woman's World, World's Work, Young Crusader.

Weekly papers: Christian Science Sentinel, Collier's, Country Gentleman, Epworth Herald, Literary Digest, Outlook, New Republic, Tidings, Union Signal, Upland News, Youth's Companion, Yucaipa News. Daily: Los Angeles Times, San Bernardino News, Christian Science Monitor.

Circulars from the Agricultural Experiment Station have been received as follows: County Farm Adviser, Crocheron (State Leader); Citricola Scale, Quale; Cabbage Growing in California, Rogers; Spraying for the Control of the Walnut Aphid, Tylor; When to Vaccinate Against Hog Cholera; Insecticide Formulas, Woodworth; Value of Barley for Cows Fed Alfalfa, True, Wolf and Voorhies.

About 70 books have been received this month from the County Library and are in circulation. The annual meeting of the Library Board of Directors was held on Thursday afternoon of last week. Things financial and otherwise were found to be very satisfactory.

It is reported that fully 2000 girls are studying law in this country at the present time. Preparing to become mothers-in-law some day, perhaps.

Some men are so forgetful that they even fail to remember the poor.

Some men are so forgetful that they even fail to remember the poor.

The prices on Canned Tuna have declined about 40% making it the cheapest Canned Fish on the market

We are still selling Large Suetene for \$1.25
Tube Rose Flour declined to, Sack, \$1.90

Our Butter is Always Fresh as we receive it direct from the Creamery Every Day

JOHNSON & BROWN, THE GROCERS
Phone 402

Renovation Sale—
Extended One Week at
Wilson's Toggery, Upland

"The Snuggest Little Shop in Town"

Ladies' and Misses'
Middy Blouses and Skirts

The last thing in these styles—White Drill—Government standard and White P. K.

Made!!!!

Campbell's Ready-to-Wear Shop
Open Band Concert evenings UPLAND

Get Your Envelopes at the News Office

—"It's time to can fruit"

Fruit is Very Cheap—So Are the Jars

Ball "Perfect" Mason, Pints, regular 50c doz., our price	48c
Ball "Perfect" Mason, Quarts, regular 75c doz., our price	58c
Ball "Perfect" Mason, Half-Gallon, reg. 90c doz., our price	78c
Best new stock Ball "Perfect" Rubbers, 4 doz.	25c
Ball Jar Lids or Caps, dozen	18c
Paraffine Wax, 4 cakes to pk., package	15c
Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs.	\$1.00

Adams' Basket Grocery, Upland

G. W. DULEY

TRANSFER and FEED STORE

We now have in stock a full line of Pratt's Poultry and Animal Foods and Remedies. Will gladly prescribe for your horses, cows or chickens. Coulson's Egg Mash and Chick Food now in stock. Also good new Alfalfa Hay at the right price.

PHONE 23-L



Torrington Vacuum
Sweeper —Sold on Trial

Mehl Hardware Co.

Everything in Hardware

The Proof is the Result

¶ Ever and anon do advertisers using the Classified Column of The Upland News report that they had several inquiries as a result of advertising in this publication, and in many instances several large and important business deals have been closed

If News Classified Ads are Getting Results for Others They will do it for YOU

¶ The Upland News covers the Upland territory thoroughly and has many subscribers in other states who are investing their money here. ¶ If you want something, have something to sell, have a house or furnished rooms to rent, or desire to rent a house or furnished rooms a News Classified will get you results

PHONE 29

Worth More Than They Cost

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abby of Plano, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Smith Carpenter and daughter, Miss Hazel, of Hotel Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waller, Mr. and Mrs. Lear, John Stahl, Mrs. Ida Carpenter and Mrs. Myrtle Rasmussen of Ontario formed an automobile party to Newport Beach and Balboa last Sunday, it being Mr. and Mrs. Abby's first trip to the ocean.

Mrs. Mary Gross, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. David Minis, for several months, will leave this week for her home near Pittsburgh, Pa. Mrs. Minis will go with her as far as San Francisco and visit the exposition.

Mrs. John Short and daughter, Marion, are spending a short time at Long Beach and Los Angeles.

Miss Fannie Noe requests The News that her paper be addressed to Upland. Miss Noe will return here to prepare for the opening of school in September.

Miss Etta Westender, principal of the high school of Springfield, Ohio, and a cousin of Mrs. J. B. Leaman, is spending the week in Upland, and on Sunday Frank Ockard and family of Redondo and Henry Ockard of Los Angeles will be guests of the Leaman family. It has been some thirty-five years since those above mentioned have met and a reunion is to be enjoyed.

Benjamin Morton of Lancaster, Pa., and Chas. McMullen spent three days last week with the family of J. B. Leaman, leaving on the Santa Fe for the Grand Canyon, expecting to return home about September 15.

R. Holtby Myers, formerly an attorney of Redlands, and now manager of the American Bureau of Protected Credits, is to speak to the members of the local association on "Better Credits" at their next meeting on Monday, August 23. The local association has recently completed a list of every account on the books of its members. There are over 1600 names on this list, and so every member can soon tell how each of these 1600 people are paying their accounts.

See the new fireless cook stove at Minar's.—adv. 1311

Fire from exploding gasoline caused a blaze in the small house between the Carpenter hotel and the McCormick building on A street. The department was on the job and had the fire under control within a very few minutes, the total estimated loss being in the neighborhood of \$50. The value of Upland's new fire truck was most forcibly demonstrated, for had the fire gained any headway in this section of the city it is hard to estimate the probable loss, for the scene of the fire is surrounded by wooden structures. Tonight at Upland's new fire station the members of the fire company are to be "at home" to the citizens of Upland, and a cordial invitation is extended to the people to inspect the new department. The boys have furnished the upper floor and the details are all complete and in honor of the occasion refreshments will be served to each and every visitor this evening.

J. F. Sawyer and family, R. B. Hordwell and family, and E. C. Mehl and family enjoyed a picnic on the Santa Ana River Sunday, the cooling breezes adding greatly to their pleasure.

Warren Myers and Miss Mabel Myers are spending a few days in Los Angeles.

George Snyder is clearing a large portion of his recently acquired land on Twelfth street to the east preparatory to improving it.

The improvement of Washington Boulevard is going steadily forward. The culverts are in and the conduits carrying wires to the street lights and the grading for the road bed is now under way.

A. E. Ware of Euclid avenue and Tenth street, arrested on South Euclid avenue, Ontario, for driving his motorcycle with muffler open, drew a suspended fine of \$5 from Judge Holbrook and promised to exercise greater care in the future.

Harry B. Harlow, manager of the O. K. Fruit Exchange, was a business visitor to Los Angeles Wednesday.

The Southern California Editorial Association is to meet Saturday, August 14, at Redondo Beach for the annual outing as guests of the Chamber of Commerce of that city. H. B. LeBaron will represent The Upland News.

Floyd Atwood returned home Tuesday from the San Francisco Exposition and a visit with his sister, Mrs. George Dundas.

Miss Harriet Egbert of Philadelphia, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Walter Slugg, here the past two weeks, left for home Wednesday via San Diego, San Francisco and northern Canada.

The many friends of Mrs. Julia Lyon, who has spent the past months in Brawley, will be glad to hear of her home coming. Accompanying her home from Pasadena were her two little nieces, who will spend a few days visiting her.

Mrs. C. M. Sikes, with her children, Marjorie Rose and Clarence, went to Brighton Beach Wednesday to spend some time, hoping to benefit Clarence's health.

Mrs. Jackson Deets and family motored to Pasadena Sunday and visited friends there.

Archie Moore, brother of Harold C. Moore, arrived from Portland Monday and will spend a short time here with his mother and then return to the north, taking his family home.

The first fireless cook stove at Minar's.—adv. 1311

The interior of the Upland News shop is undergoing improvements. Wilbur Dundas of the Upland Planning Mill has just completed putting on a steel ceiling, and commencing Friday the Sikes-Manker Company will add the finishing touches.

Roy Evans, formerly with the Upland Pharmacy, is back on the job again assisting Mac the Medicine Man.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Atwood arrived home this morning from their visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Dundas at Orosi, Tulare County.

Mrs. Bert Darling, from Okataha, Okla., is a guest here of R. C. and Delos Williams.

E. B. Clark and family are spending the next two months at their summer home at East Newport.

Earl Dority is at San Bernardino, where he is in the employ of the Santa Fe.

J. F. Lilly and family are spending a short time in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Austin Buckley and children arrived from San Jacinto Tuesday for a visit at the A. P. Moreman home. Mr. and Mrs. Buckley will visit San Francisco, and while away the children will remain with Mrs. Moreman.

Charlie Perkins, the rural deliveryman for Upland, is on his annual vacation, and during his absence Clarence Blazier, his substitute, is looking after Uncle Sam's rural business.

E. T. Jordan and party returned last Friday from a trip by automobile to the exposition at San Diego. The coast road is in very good condition and on the whole is a delightful ride.

Mrs. Mary Gentry has returned to Upland after a short time spent at Brawley.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Miller of West Eleventh street are spending a short time at La Jolla.

Miss Emily Muth, who was a guest here for a short time of D. G. Kinney and family, is in San Diego for a short time.

The Misses Beattie and Miss Horsch, who walked from Upland to San Diego, arrived in the southern city as scheduled and are now taking in the many attractions at the exposition.

Miss Blanche Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Collins, has just returned from Eugene, Oregon, to which city she accompanied her grandparents, making the entire trip north by automobile and taking in the San Francisco exposition, as well as witnessing an eruption of Mt. Lassen.

Mrs. W. C. Harris, who has been a guest here for the week of her sister, Mrs. W. E. Westland, returned to her home at Bakersfield.

G. A. Palls, the Jeweler, is home again after a trip to the East.

Frank McCulloch left Monday by way of the Salt Lake and Pacific Navigation Company for San Diego, from whence he will sail for San Francisco, taking in both fairs before returning.

The Magnolia Mutual Building and Loan Association is now nicely located in its new quarters, an attractive gold leaf sign having just been placed on the windows by the Sikes-Manker Company giving the names of the officers of the institution.

Agnes Chaffee went to Long Beach Friday to visit Mrs. Fred Henderson and returned Monday.

As workmen loaded on flat-cars at Redlands the equipment of the little old-fashioned motor train that for 28 years had skuttled back and forth between San Bernardino and Redlands with passengers and baggage, a woman watched with tear-filled eyes. The onlooker was Mrs. Lemon. On the dinky a son had gotten his first railroad experience, and saying good-bye to it brought tender memories. Last evening what comprised the narrow-gauge line, once one of the important transportation factors of the valley, passed through Colton on No. 255 bound for Los Angeles, where an unknown fate awaits it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Urschel of Escondido, parents of the late Elmer Urschel, who was killed on August 4 when his motorcycle was struck by a P. E. car at Euclid avenue and Twelfth street, a brother of the deceased, J. S. Urschel, his fiancée, Miss Gladys McNeill of Victorville, were here Wednesday making a further investigation into young Urschel's death. It is said that they expect to sue the Pacific Electric for damages, although the coroner's jury exonerated the company of all blame for the boy's death.

The county executive board of the Parent-Teachers' Associations met Saturday in the office of County Superintendent Mrs. Grace S. Stanley, and members were present from Ontario, Cucamonga, Etiwanda, Highland, Del Rosa and San Bernardino. The meeting adjourned to a basket lunch at Meadow brook at noon. A uniform schedule was adopted for the various associations for the meetings throughout the year. There will be a special speaker at each meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Crew and son Dean motored to the San Diego Exposition, spending several days taking in the many and varied attractions there. They returned to Upland on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. P. Kiefer and daughter Rosa, of Wathena, Kas., are guests here of L. E. Moser and family.

A. B. Chowning, David Bradfield and Howard Thornton left Wednesday morning for San Francisco, making the trip by automobile.

Mrs. J. Wesley Carroll, who has been making her home in Los Angeles for several months, has returned to Upland to remain.

J. L. Moser and family of Ocean Park are guests here of L. E. Moser and J. P. Moser.

Mrs. Sadie Carroll of St. Joseph, Mo., is spending a short time here as guest of relatives. She came south by way of Portland, taking in the exposition at San Francisco en route.

AN ESSAY ON HOT WEATHER

Well favored is that nation which in midsummer endures only the natural afflictions of dog days. Small hills look formidable when Sirius rules. Days are long and exhausting. The nights are short and wearisome. Annoyances which at other seasons are hardly noticed, bulk large. To be eccentric, rash, violent, is to be more than ordinarily under the weather.

In midsummer people who are too much in earnest, or who suppose that others are, make a mistake. Men say and do strange things at this time, which those whose condition is still normal should ignore.

Great heat is upon the earth, and in the city it is super-heat. If here and there one afflicted with a delusion of egotism or a mania of despair cries out in a manner to disturb the reposeful senses of millions of the humdrum and the drowsy, let it pass. The horrors and calamities of midsummer all disappear with the season. Neither war nor pestilence nor famine is in sight. Our liberties are secure, at least, until autumn, for nobody has energy enough to take them away.

If there are complaints about business, let it be remembered that our sweltering forefathers heard them also in July.

The great wrongs, the pressing reforms, the imminent revolutions, the glorious triumphs—all these must await the activity that returns with the ozone and the frost.

Midsummer presents an opportunity for a great northern siesta. While we doze, the harvest ripens, the fruit grows red and mellow, and the invigorating breezes gather force. With the September awakening the vapors will have vanished, and those excitable persons who now disturb our peace will be remembered only as creatures of an ugly dream—N. Y. World.

TEN REASONS

Why we like to do business with the people of this community:

1. They are intelligent above the average.
2. They are courteous, kind and considerate.
3. Good quality is their motto.
4. A large per cent buy for cash.
5. They are willing to pay fair prices.
6. They believe in the dealer's honesty.
7. They patronize the home merchant.
8. They look on the brighter side of life.
9. Their friendship is worth having.
10. We have faith in our own city.

UPLAND FURNITURE STORE 1311

HOT WEATHER DRINKS

Lemonade for a Week—Boil together two quarts of water and four cupsful of sugar for ten minutes. Remove the syrup from the fire, and add four and one-half cupsful of lemon juice. Let the mixture cool, then seal it in glass jars and put in a cool place. When you want to make lemonade, dilute a little of the syrup with ice water.

Lime Punch—Put eight cubes of sugar in a bowl and pour over them the juice of two limes and two oranges. Add one and one-half cupsful of cold water, and when the sugar is melted, chill the syrup with cracked ice. Just before serving it add a slice of pineapple and a few crystallized cherries. The recipe makes only a small amount of punch. For a large company it should be trebled.

Ginger Punch—To one-third of a pound of preserved ginger add one quart of water and one cupful of sugar, and boil the mixture for fifteen minutes. Let it cool, then add one-half of a cupful of lemon juice and one cupful of orange juice. Strain the syrup through a jelly bag.

Milk Shake—Flavor rich milk (or, if preferred, half milk and half cream) with vanilla, and add the well beaten white of one egg and sugar to suit the taste. Put the milk into a screw-top jar or bottle, and shake it until it foams, but not hard or long enough to make it buttery. Pour it into glasses, and sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.

An Egg Drink—Beat three eggs thoroughly, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one and one-half cupsful of ice water. Whip into the mixture the juice of one orange and a small amount of the grated rind. Serve it in glasses topped with whipped cream.

Grape Cordial—To one quart of rich, unsweetened grape juice add one-quarter of a cupful each of cold water and sugar syrup, and one-half of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Just before you serve the drink fill the glasses two-thirds full of crushed ice, and pour the cordial over it.

Lemon Mint—Wash the mint well and pick off a large cupful of the leaves. Put them into a stone jar with one quart of chopped ice. Stir the mixture until the leaves are thoroughly bruised and the flavor is extracted. Strain off the water and add the juice of two oranges and six lemons, and one pint of sugar. Put it on ice, and when it is thoroughly cold serve it in tall, thin glasses, with a sprig of mint and a very thin slice of lemon in each cup.

Fruit Punch—Mix together one cup each of water and sugar, boil ten minutes, and skim the syrup carefully. Add one cup of hot strained tea, one cup of any fruit juice you prefer, and the juice of five lemons and six oranges. Add sufficient water to make a gallon and serve it ice cold.

Ginger Ale—Put one quart of chipped ice into a gallon jug, add one pound of sugar and one tablespoon of strong ginger, and shake the mixture well together. Add one pint of good elder vinegar, and fill the jug with water. Keep it on ice until it is very cold.

Raspberry Vinegar—Pour two quarts of vinegar over four quarts of raspberries. Cover it, and put it in a cool place for two days. Strain the juice through cheesecloth and pour it over four quarts of fresh berries. Set the mixture aside again for two days, then strain it a second time through cheesecloth, and add three quarts of sugar. Heat it slowly, and skim the liquid until it is clear; then boil it twenty minutes. Seal it in sterilized bottles.

When you serve it, use two tablespoonfuls of the syrup to a glass of ice water. It is a most refreshing drink on a hot day, and will keep for years.

Africa has 276 spoken languages and dialects.

When a man becomes a chronic loafer he begins to prey upon his neighbors.

Shiftless people are never the ones who worry about it.

Mamma—Why do you dislike the doll Santa Claus brought you, dear?

Little Lola—'Cause its complexion rubs off, just like Aunt Carrie's.—San Francisco Star.

The one sure way to avoid mistakes due to your inability to distinguish between toadstools and mushrooms is to confine your operations to boiled cabbage.



A Cool Looking Frock of Linen, with Surplus Cloths
M. Call Patterns, Nos. 666, 667, and Belt No. 930. Two of the many new designs for August.

JUST IN—

Another large shipment of those popular

YORK
GINGHAMS

Sixty new patterns added to our already large assortment of this well-known gingham, and we sell it at, per yard,

10c

Call in and see the pleasing patterns

J. J. ATWOOD CO.

UPLAND, CAL.

MAC the Medicine Man
DEPENDABLE DRUGGIST

Ladies is it True??

"Some men economize by letting the Wife" get along without some things she needs. Well, powder your nose anyhow. We are giving you a fine Powder Puff with each box of Face Powder we sell this week, and we've got your kind.

Mac Says Sol

About Our Safe
Sanitary Soda Stuff!

We've got the Cleanest, Coldest assortment of Soda Drinks and the Creamest Cream that you ever tasted.

Mac's Root Beer!

The most popular 5c drink in town. Why? A 25c bottle of Mac's Root Beer Extract makes 5 gallons of Root Beer for you at home.

Mac Says Sol

Sale on Fairy Soap!

4 Ten-cent bars for
Thurs., Fri. and Sat. **25c**

MAC THE MEDICINE MAN
at the Upland Pharmacy

YES—COLLINS HAS IT!

YOUR KIND OF A PIPE

Call for it at THE PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE

Phone 309

CIGARS and TOBACCO, TOO

The Romance of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Electric Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

After the finding of Wu Fang's body and Kennedy's disappearance a submarine appears the following morning on the bay. A man plunges off the bow of it and swims ashore. It is the entrance of Marcus Del Mar into America. At the Dodge home one of Wu Fang's men is trying to obtain information of Kennedy and the lost torpedo. His plan is blocked by Del Mar's arrival, who also succeeds in winning Elaine's confidence. Later she is warned by a little old man to be careful. Del Mar's mission at the Dodge house was to locate and recover the torpedo. He would have been successful had it not been for Elaine's dog, Rusty, who dug it from the flower pot, while Del Mar and Elaine were talking only a few feet away. Rusty carried the torpedo to the attic. The little old man meets Del Mar at the Dodge home. They draw guns together, gases from the exploded shells of the old man's revolver overcome Del Mar and Elaine, and the old man is sent to Elaine's country home. A holdup on the train takes place. Del Mar's men carry the trunk away only to find on opening it that they have the wrong one.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EPISODE

THE DESTROYED TORPEDO.

Del Mar had evidently, by this time, come to the conclusion that Elaine was the storm center of the peculiar train of events that followed the disappearance of Kennedy and his wireless torpedo.

At any rate, as soon as he learned that Elaine was going to her country home for the summer, he took a bungalow some distance from Dodge Hall. There, on the day that Elaine decided to motor in from the city, Del Mar arrived with his valet.

Evidently he had no time in getting to work on his own affairs, whatever they might be. Inside his study, which was the largest room in the house, a combination of both library and laboratory, he gave an order or two to his valet, then immediately sat down to his new desk. He opened a drawer and took out a long, hollow cylinder, closed at each end by airtight caps, on one of which was a hook.

Quickly he wrote a note and read it over: "Install submarine bell in place of these clumsy tubes. Am having harbor and bridges mined as per instructions from government. D."

He unscrewed the cap at one end of the tube, inserted the note and closed it. Then he pushed a button on his desk. A panel in the wall opened and one of the men who had played policeman once for him stepped out and saluted.

"Here's a message to send below," said Del Mar briefly.

The man bowed and went back through the panel, closing it. Del Mar cleaned up his desk and then went out to look his new quarters over, to see whether everything had been prepared according to his instructions.

From the concealed entrance to a cave on a hillside, Del Mar's man who had gone through the panel in the bungalow appeared a few minutes later and hurried down to the shore. It was a rocky coast with stretches of cliffs and now and then a ravine and a bit of sandy beach. Ginglyly he climbed down the rocks to the water.

He took from his pocket the metal tube which Del Mar had given him and to the hook on one end attached a weight of lead. A moment he looked about cautiously. Then he threw the tube into the water and it sank quickly. He did not wait, but hurried back into the cave entrance.

Elaine, Aunt Josephine and I motored down to Dodge Hall from the city. Elaine's country house was on a fine estate near the Long Island Sound and after the long run we were glad to pull up before the big house and get out of the car. As we approached the door I happened to look down the road.

"Well, that's the country, all right," I exclaimed, pointing down the road.

"Look!"

Lumbering along was a huge, heavy hayrack on top of which perched a farmer chewing a straw. Following along after him was a dog of a peculiar shepherd breed which I did not recognize. Atop of the hay the old fellow had piled a trunk and a basket.

To our surprise the hayrack stopped before the house. "Miss Dodge?" drawled the farmer nasally. "Why, what do you suppose he can want?" asked Elaine moving on toward the wagon while we followed.

"Yes."

"Here's a trunk, Miss Dodge, with your name on it," he went on dragging it down. "I found it down by the railroad track."

It was the trunk marked "E. Dodge" which had been thrown off the train, taken by Del Mar and rifled by the motorcyclist.

"How do you suppose it ever got here?" cried Elaine in wonder. "Must have fallen off the train," I suggested. "You might have collected the insurance under this new baggage law!"

"Jennings," called Elaine. "Get Patrick and carry the trunk in." Together the butler and the gardener dragged it off.

"Thank you," said Elaine, endeavoring to pay the farmer. "No, no, miss," he demurred as he clucked to his horses. We waved to the old fellow. As he started to drive away, he reached down into the basket and drew out some yellow harvest apples. One at a time he tossed them to us as he lumbered off.

"Truly rural," remarked a voice behind us.

It was Del Mar, all toggled up and carrying a magazine in his hand.

We chatted a moment, then Elaine started to go into the house with Aunt Josephine. With Del Mar I followed. As she went Elaine took a bite of the apple. To her surprise it separated neatly into two hollow halves. She looked inside. There was a note. Carefully she unfolded it and read. Like the others, it was not written but printed in pencil:

Be careful to unpack all your trunks yourself. Destroy this note. A Friend.

What did these mysterious warnings mean, she asked herself in amazement. Somehow so far they had worked out all right. She tore up the note and threw the pieces away.

Elaine went into the house and we followed. Del Mar, however, dropped just a bit behind and, as he came to the place where Elaine had thrown the pieces of paper, dropped his magazine. He stooped to pick it up and gathered the pieces, then rejoined us.

"I hope you'll excuse me," said Elaine brightly. "We've just arrived and I haven't a thing unpacked."

Del Mar bowed and Elaine left us. Aunt Josephine followed shortly. Del Mar and I sat down at a table. As he talked he placed the magazine in his lap beneath the table, on his knees. I could not see, but he was in reality secretly putting together the torn note which the farmer had thrown to Elaine.

Finally he managed to fit all the pieces. A glance down was enough. But his face betrayed nothing. Still under the table, he swept the pieces into his pocket and rose.

"I'll drop in when you are more settled," he excused himself, strolling leisurely out again.

Up in the bedroom Elaine's maid, Marie, had been unpacking.

"Well, what do you know about that?" she exclaimed as Jennings and Patrick came dragging in the banged-up trunk.

"Very queer," remarked Jennings, detailing the little he had seen, while Patrick left.

The entrance of Elaine put an end to the interesting gossip and Marie started to open the trunk.

"No, Marie," said Elaine. "I'll unpack them myself. You can put the things away later. You and Jennings may go."

Quickly she took the things out of the battered trunk. Then she started on the other trunk, which was like it but not marked. She threw out a couple of garments, then paused, startled.

There was the lost torpedo—where Berthold had stuck it in her haste! Elaine picked it up and looked at it in wonder, as it recalled all those lost days before Kennedy was lost.

Finally she decided to lock it up in the bureau drawer and tell me. Not only did she lock the drawer, but, as she left her room, she took the key of the door from the lock inside and locked it outside.

Del Mar did not go far from the house, however. He scarcely reached the edge of the grounds where he was sure he was not observed when he placed his fingers to his lips and whistled. An instant later two of his men appeared from behind a hedge.

"You must get into her room," he ordered. "That torpedo is in her luggage somewhere, after all."

In the rear of the house the two emissaries of Del Mar stole out of the shelter of some bushes and stood for a moment looking. Elaine's windows were high above them, too high to reach.

"We'll have to use the Dutch houseman's methods," decided one.

Together they went around the house toward the laundry. It was only a few minutes later that they returned. No one was about. Quickly one of them took off his coat. Around his waist he had wound a coil of rope.

Defly he began to climb a tree whose upper branches fell over the roof. Catlike he managed to reach the roof. He made his way along the ridge pole to a chimney which was directly back of and in line with Elaine's windows. Then he uncoiled the rope and made one end fast to the chimney.

Letting the other end fall free down the roof, he carefully lowered himself over the edge. Thus it was not difficult to get into Elaine's room by stepping on the window sill and going through the open window.

The man began a rapid search of the room, turning up and pawing everything that Elaine had unpacked. Then he began on the little writing desk, the dresser and the bureau drawers. A subtle smile flashed over his face as he came to one drawer that was locked. He pulled a sectional jimmy from his coat and forced it open.

There lay the precious torpedo. The man clutched it with a look of exultation. Without another glance at the room he rushed to the window, seized the rope and pulled himself to the roof, going as he had come.

It did not take me long to unpack the few things I had brought and I was soon back again in the living room, where Aunt Josephine joined me in a few minutes.

Just as Elaine came hurriedly down the stairway and started toward me, Del Mar entered from the porch. She stopped. Del Mar watched her closely. Had she found anything? He was sure of it.

Her hesitation was only for a moment, however. "Walter," she said,

"may I speak to you a moment? Excuse us, please?"

Aunt Josephine went out toward the back of the house to see how the servants were getting on, while I followed Elaine upstairs. Del Mar with a bow seated himself and opened his magazine. No sooner had we gone, however, than he laid it down and cautiously followed us.

Elaine was evidently very much excited as she entered her dainty little room and closed the door. "Walter," she cried, "I've found the torpedo!"

We looked about at the general disorder. "Why," she exclaimed nervously, "someone has been here—and I locked the door, too!"

She almost ran over to her bureau drawer. It had been flung open in the few minutes while she was downstairs. The torpedo was gone. We looked at each other, aghast.

Behind us, however, we did not see the keen and watchful eyes of Del Mar, opening the door and peering in.

Perhaps half a mile down the road, the farmer abandoned his hayrack and now, followed by his peculiar dog, walked back. He stopped at a point in the road where he could see the Dodge house in the distance, sat on the rail fence and lighted a blackened cornob pipe.

There he sat for some time apparently engrossed in his own thoughts about the weather, the dog lying at



We Opened the Cylinder. Inside Was a Note.

his feet. Now and then he looked fixedly toward Dodge Hall.

Suddenly his vigilant attention seemed to be riveted on the house. He drew a field glass from his pocket and leveled it. Sure enough, there was a man coming out of a window, pulling himself up to the roof by a rope and going across the roof-tree. He lowered the glasses quickly and climbed off the fence with a hitherto unvented energy.

"Come, Searchlight," he called to the dog, as together they moved off quickly in the direction he had been looking.

Del Mar's men were coming through the hedge that surrounded the Dodge estate just as the farmer and his dog stepped out in front of them from behind a thicket.

"Just a minute," he called. "I want to speak to you."

He enforced his words with a vicious looking gun. It was two to one and they closed with him. Before he could shoot, they had knicked the gun out of his hand. Then they tried to break away and run.

But the farmer seized one of them and held him. Meanwhile the dog developed traits all his own. He ran in and out between the legs of the other man until he threw him. There he stood, over him. The man attempted to rise. Again the dog threw him and kept him down. He was a trained Belgian sheep hound, a splendid police dog.

"Confound the brute," growled the man, reaching for his gun.

As he drew it, the dog seized his wrist and with a cry the man dropped the gun. That, too, was part of the dog's training.

While the farmer and the other man struggled on the ground, the torpedo

worked its way half from the man's pocket. The farmer seized it. The man fell back, limp, and the farmer, with the torpedo in one hand, grasped at the gun on the ground and straightened up.

He had no sooner risen than the man was at him again. His unconsciousness had been merely feigned. The struggle was renewed.

At that point, the hedge down the road parted and Del Mar stepped out. A glance was enough to tell him what was going on. He drew his gun and ran swiftly toward the combatants.

As Del Mar approached, his man succeeded in knocking the torpedo from the farmer's hand. There it lay, several feet away. There seemed to be no chance for either man to get it.

Quickly the farmer bent his wrist, aiming the gun deliberately at the precious torpedo. As fast as he could he pulled the trigger. Five of the six shots penetrated the little model.

So surprised was his antagonist that the farmer was able to knock him out with the butt of his gun. He broke away and fled, whistling on a police whistle for the dog just as Del Mar ran up.

Del Mar stopped and picked up the model. It had been shot into an unrecognizable mass of scrap. In a fury, Del Mar dashed it on the ground, cursing his men as he did so.

The strange disappearance of the torpedo model from Elaine's room worried both of us. Doubtless if Kennedy had been there he would have known just what to do. But we could not decide.

"Really," considered Elaine. "I think we had better take Mr. Del Mar into our confidence."

"Still, we've had a great many warnings," I objected. "I know that," she persisted, "but where have all come from very unreliable sources?"

"Very well," I agreed finally, "then let's drive over to his bungalow."

Elaine ordered her little runabout and a few moments later we climbed into it and Elaine shot the car away. As we rode along, the country seemed so quiet that no one would ever have suspected that foreign agents lurked all about. But it was just under such a cover that the nefarious bridge and harbor mining work ordered by Del Mar's superiors was going ahead quietly.

Our car climbed a hill on the other side of which, in the valley, was a bridge, we could not see one of Del Mar's men in hiding at the top. He saw us, however, and immediately wigwagged with his handkerchief to several others down at the bridge where they were attaching a pair of wires to the planking.

"Someone coming," muttered one who was evidently a lookout.

The men stopped work immediately and hid in the brush. Our car passed over the bridge and we saw nothing wrong. But no sooner had we gone than the men crept out and resumed work which had progressed to the

helmet, which he carried with him. Then, with his assistant, went out through the panel in the wall. Through the underground passage the two groped their way, lighted by an electric torch, until at last they came to the entrance hidden in the underbrush, near the shore.

Del Mar went over to the concealed station from which the submarine bell was sounded and pressed the key as a signal. Then he adjusted the submarine helmet to his head and deliberately waded out into the water, farther and farther, up to his head, then deeper still.

As he disappeared into the water, his emissary turned and went back toward the shore road.

The ride around through the country and back to the shore road from Del Mar's was pleasant. In fact, it was always pleasant to be with Elaine, especially in a car.

We were spinning along at a fast clip when we came to a rocky part of the coast. As we made a turn a sharp breeze took off my hat and whirled it far off the road and among the rocks of the shore. Elaine shut down the engine, with a laugh at me, and we left the car by the road while we climbed down the rocks after the hat.

It had been carried into the water, close to shore and, still laughing, we clambered over the rocks. Elaine insisted on getting it herself and in fact did get it. She was just about to hand it to me when something bobbed up in the water just in front of us. She reached for it and fished it out. It was a cylinder with airtight caps on both ends, in one of which was a hook.

"What do you suppose it is?" she asked, looking it over as we made our way up the rocks again to the car. "Where did it come from?"

We did not see a man standing by our car, but he saw us. It was Del Mar's man who had paused on his way to watch us. As we approached he hid on the other side of the road.

By this time we had reached the car and opened the cylinder. Inside was a note which read:

"Chief arrived safely. Keep watch."

"What does it mean?" repeated Elaine, mystified.

Neither of us could guess and I doubt whether we would have understood any better, if we had seen a sinister face peering at us from behind a rock near by, although doubtless the man knew what was in the tube and what it meant.

We climbed into the car and started again. As we disappeared the man came from behind the rocks and ran quickly up to the top of the hill. There, from the bushes, he pulled out a peculiar instrument composed of a strange series of lenses and mirrors set up on a tripod.

Eagerly he placed the tripod, adjusting the lenses and mirrors in the sunlight. Then he began working them and it was apparent that he was flashing light beams, using a Morse code. It was a heliograph.

Down the shore on the top of the next hill sat the man who had already given the signal with the handkerchief to those in the valley who were working on the mining of the bridge.

As he sat there, his eye caught the flash of the heliograph signal. He sprang up and watched intently. Rapidly he jotted down the message that was being flashed in the sunlight:

Dodge Girl has message from below. Coming in car. Blow first bridge she crosses.

Down the valley the lookout made his way as fast as he could. As he approached the two men who had been mining the bridge, he whistled sharply.

ly. They answered and hurried to meet him. "Just got a heliograph," he panted. "The Dodge girl must have picked up one of the messages that came from below. She's coming over the hill now in a car. We've got to blow up the bridge as she crosses."

The men were hurrying now toward the bridge which they had mined. Not a moment was to be lost, for already they could see us coming over the crest of the hill.

In a few seconds they reached the hidden plunger firing box which had been arranged to explode the charge under the bridge. There they crouched in the brush ready to press the plunger the moment our car touched the planking.

One of the men crept out a little nearer the road. "They're coming!" he called back, dropping down again. "Get ready!"

Del Mar's emissaries had not reckoned, however, that anyone else might be about to whom the heliograph was an open book.

But, farther up the hill, hiding among the trees, the old farmer and his dog were sitting quietly. The old man was sweeping the Sound with his glasses, as if he expected to see something any moment.

To his surprise, however, he caught a flash of the heliograph from the land. Quickly he turned and jotted down the signals. As he did so, he seemed greatly excited, for the message read:

"Dodge girl has message from below. Coming in car. Blow first bridge she crosses."

Quickly he turned his glasses down the road. There he could see our car approaching. He put up his glasses and hurried down the hill toward the bridge. Then he broke into a run, the dog scouting ahead.

We were going along the road nicely, now, coasting down the hill. As we approached the bridge Elaine slowed up a bit to cross, for the planking was loose.

Just then the farmer who had been running down the hill saw us. "Stop!" he shouted.

But we did not hear. He ran after us, but the chase was hopeless. He stopped, in despair.

With a gesture of vexation he took a step or two mechanically off the road.

Elaine and I were coming fast to the bridge now. In their hiding place Del Mar's men were watching breathlessly. The leader was just about to press the plunger when all of a sudden a branch in the

thicket beside him cracked. There stood the farmer and his dog.

Instantly the farmer seemed to take in the situation. With a cry he threw himself at the man who had the plunger. Another man leaped at the farmer. The dog settled him. The others piled in, and a terrific struggle followed. It was all so rapid that, to all, seconds seemed like hours.

We were just starting to cross the bridge.

One of the men broke away and crawled toward the plunger box. Our car was now in the middle of the bridge.

Over and over rolled the men, the dog doing his best to help his master. The man who had broken away reached toward the plunger.

With a shout he pushed it down.

Our car had just cleared the bridge when we were startled by a terrific roar behind us. It was as though a thousand tires had blown out at once. Elaine shut off the engine automatically and we looked back.

The whole bridge had been blown up. A second before we had been in the middle of it.

As the explosion came, the men who had been struggling in the thicket, paused, startled, and stared out. At that instant the old farmer saw his chance. It was all over and he bolted, calling the dog.

Along the road to the bridge he ran, two of the men after him.

"Come back," growled the leader. "Let him go. Do you want us all to get caught?"

As the farmer ran up to the bridge he saw it in ruins. But down the road he could see Elaine and myself, sitting in the car, staring back at the peril which we had so narrowly escaped. His face lighted up in as great joy as a few moments before it had shown despair.

"What can that have been?" asked Elaine, starting to get out of the car. "What caused it?"

"I don't know," I returned, taking her arm firmly. "But enough has happened today. It was intended for us, we'd better hasten. Someone might take a shot at us. Come, we have the car. We can get out before anyone does anything more. Let's do it. Things are going on about us of which we know nothing. The safest thing is to get away."

Elaine looked at the bridge in ruins and shuddered. It was the closest we could have been to death and have escaped. Then she turned to the wheel quickly and the little car fairly jumped ahead.

"Oh, if Craig were only here," she murmured. "He would know what to do."

As we disappeared over the crest of the next hill, safe, the old farmer and his dog looked hard at us.

The silence after the explosion was ominous.

He glanced about. No one was pursuing him. That seemed ominous, too. But if they did pursue he was prepared to elude them. They must never recognize the old farmer.

As he turned, he deliberately pulled off his beard, then plunged again into the woods and was lost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Occasionally a man takes a day off to celebrate the anniversary of his birth, but a woman usually takes a year off.

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Yes, our lumber takes well with everybody who likes good, sound, bright, dry, well manufactured stock. That's because we're pretty particular ourselves when it comes to buying our stock from the mills.

We've found out that PARTICULAR lumber buyers like to buy of a PARTICULAR yard where PARTICULAR care is taken to handle only PARTICULAR goods. That is why PARTICULAR buyers like to trade with this PARTICULAR yard.

We want your trade, and you'll be glad to give it to us after you once see how well we serve you.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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IT TAKES WELL

Yes, our lumber takes well with everybody who likes good, sound, bright, dry, well manufactured stock. That's because we're pretty particular ourselves when it comes to buying our stock from the mills.

GET READY TO HAVE 'EM

Oh, dear! Now the medics have found a worm in the Panama canal peach. Shorter trade routes to the south increase the danger of tropical diseases 87 1/2 per cent, or thereabouts, and so forth.

In the South American countries are germs that haven't been used to grout or die with some tropical disorder. The great American appendix is de trop. You've got to have

a Peruvian worm in order to suffer or die fashionably. The American Medical Society of Tropical Medicine in session in San Francisco urges doctors to take up special training on tropical germs. They will. They'll train their patients, too. Our established germs are too ordinary, unaristocratic, shopworn. The new tropical parasite gets the medical gladhand.

Train up a child in the way he should go and it's dollars to doughnuts he'll take a flier in the opposite direction.

There are Many Groceries

But the stores giving real Service are few and far between. It has ever been the endeavor of the Green & Co. store to give to its patrons the best service possible, not only in quality of goods but delivery as well

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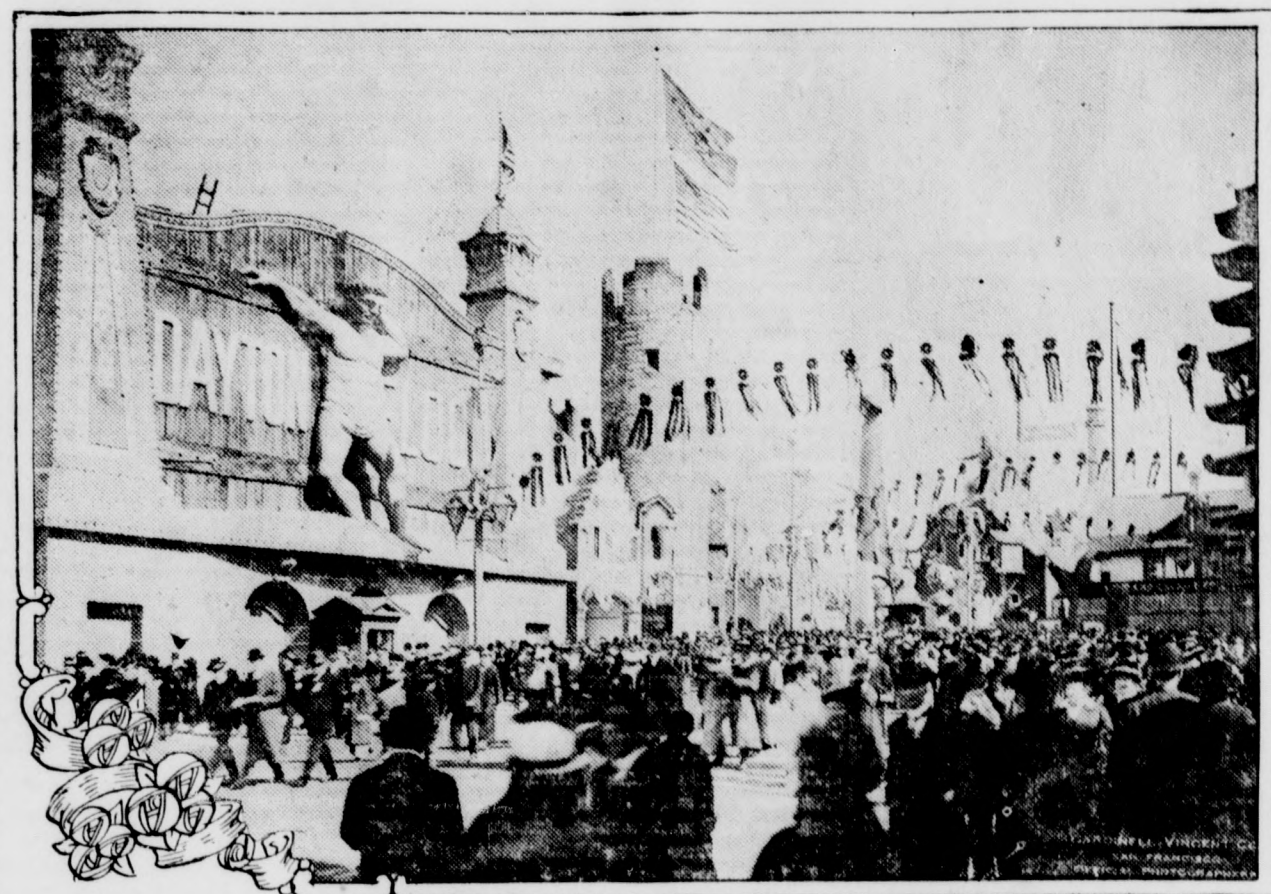
In Addition to AUGUST DATES, 13 & 14, SEPTEMBER 2, 3, 8, 9, 22 and 23 have been Authorized. Low Fares for Round Trip to many points from Salt Lake City to the Atlantic Coast. For particulars see Agents

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Ontario

Crowds on the Fun Zone at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition



VAST crowds throng The Zone, the amusement and concessions section of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. The Dayton Flood is shown on the left, the Chinese Village and Toyland Grown Up on the right. The Exposition is breaking all world's attendance records.

BUSINESS AND BEAUTY

"Where's Miss Blank? The boss wants to dictate some letters, and he's in a hurry," spoke the bookkeeper, as he came from a session in the private office.

"Oh, I suppose she's in the wash-room fixing her hair over again," remarked the middle-aged woman cashier. "I'll go see."

"I don't see why a woman can't fix her hair before she comes down in the morning so it'll stay," grumbled the bookkeeper, when the cashier had returned with the stenographer and sent her into the private office. Seems to me you women waste much time fussing with hair and face powder."

"There you go, lumping all women together again!" accused the middle-aged woman cashier, whose own neatly arranged coiffure never seemed to get out of order.

"Beg your pardon," hastily returned the bookkeeper. "Present company excepted. But now just look at all the different girls we've had down here. About all that most of them think about is prettying up. And their hair seems to bother 'em more than anything else. If I had my way I'd make a law that every business girl would have to cut her hair off short. Then maybe she'd have time to think of something besides invisible hairpins and keeping her curls stuck around in the right places. Say, who don't women get up a short-hair fashion, anyway? Think of the time they'd save combing and washing their hair!"

"They did have a short-hair fashion about twenty years ago," remarked the woman cashier. "But it seemed to me the women took a lot more bother with their short hair than when their hair was long. You see, most of them didn't have

naturally curly hair, so they had to keep it curled. And it's some job to keep a whole head of hair curled all day long. Some of the girls carried their curling irons with them, and when their hair got to look spiky they'd just heat the iron over a gas jet somewhere, and went all over their hair with it."

"What I mean is a close shave," growled the bookkeeper, "right down to the skin. Then there couldn't be any monkey business."

"Listen to the man!" cried the middle-aged cashier. "Just tell me how long Miss Blank would hold her job if she dared to appear some morning with her head shaved. She wouldn't stand the day out. You men wouldn't stand for a style like that. I remember the men ridiculed the short-haired fashion I referred to."

"If men admired us women at our worst, you can just wager we'd take the opportunity to be comfortable and—lazy. Miss Blank is a pretty girl with all that hair about her face. But shave it off close and you'd shoo her out of your sight. You demand that women look attractive. If a woman prefers to sacrifice looks to comfort, you make fun of her."

"Women know what's good for themselves, in this man-made world, else they wouldn't take the time and energy to fuss about their looks the way they do. If this was an Adam-less Eden there wouldn't be a corset or a hairpin in the place. By the way, do you think the shaved-head style would look well on your wife and daughter?"

"Have you got your cash balance made out yet, Miss Jones?" politely asked the bookkeeper.

The man who tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is called a knocker.

WHICH IS RIGHT, HADLEY OR AMESTOY?

Mr. Editor: I saw an advertisement in last week's "News" over the names of P. D. and M. F. Amestoy, wherein they state they have commenced action to quiet title, and in addition say: "All persons who buy fertilizer from G. H. Hadley or his associates will take due notice of suit filed." This notice is much milder in tone than those published in other papers now discontinued, and hence less actionable. While it is a fact that they have commenced a suit as they state, they fail to tell one how easy it is to do this, or how difficult it will be to acquire quiet title to a piece or parcel of land in which the person seeking aid of a court has not even a shadow of title upon which to base an action.

Mr. Hadley is removing material from a mineral claim, leased to him by a party who with his predecessors had controlled the twenty acres for about six years, keeping the location intact by annual assessment work or relocation, as required by the government, and filing for record in the office of the County Recorder of Riverside County such instruments as required by law. I have seen certified copies of these instruments, as well as the original lease from the present owner of the claim to Mr. Hadley, and I am satisfied that Hadley has an absolute and legal right to remove material from this mining claim and convert the same into fertilizers (and which he is now doing), which ranchers can buy from him and pay for without danger of being obliged to make payment to any person or persons the second time.

A. H. LAWRENCE.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of Los Angeles, SS: I, the undersigned, Albert F. Stepan, of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, do hereby certify that I am a person transacting business in the State of California, under the fictitious name of True's Drug Store; that my principal place of business is at Highland, San Bernardino County, California, and that my place of residence is 121 East Avenue, St. City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 12th day of July, 1915.

ALBERT F. STEPAN, County of Los Angeles.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of Los Angeles, SS: On this 12th day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, A. D., before me, Earle Lopez, a Notary Public, in and for said County of Los Angeles, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Albert F. Stepan, personally known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

EARLE LOPEZ, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California. 914

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Bernardino.

In the matter of the Estate of John H. Bolles, deceased, No. 1486.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the County of San Bernardino, State of California, made on the 12th day of July, 1915, in the matter of the estate of John H. Bolles, deceased, the undersigned administrator of said estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale in one parcel to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court of the County of San Bernardino, on or after Monday, the 16th day of August, 1915, all the right, title, interest and estate of said John H. Bolles, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title, interest that said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, or, in and to those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being in the County of San Bernardino, State of California, more particularly described as follows: Lot 162, 169 and 204, of Ontario Colony lands, as per plat of said lands on record in the office of the County Recorder of San Bernardino County in Book 9 of Maps, page 13 thereof.

Terms and conditions of sale, cash, lawful money of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, deeds and abstract to be at the expense of the purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment of and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State and County taxes and assessments of whatever name or nature, which are now or may become hereafter chargeable to or lien against said property, and to pay the same.

All bids must be in writing and must be left at or mailed to the office of the Administrator and Jones for said Administrator at Rooms 1 and 2, Citizens Bank Building, Ontario, California, or may be delivered to the said administrator personally in said County of San Bernardino, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated this 29th day of July, 1915.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I, E. M. JONES, Administrator of the Estate of John H. Bolles, deceased.

WARREN & JONES, Attorneys for Administrator.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, in and For the County of San Bernardino.

Gora I. Barnett, Plaintiff, vs. Frank Barnett, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of San Bernardino, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County of San Bernardino.

A. H. Lawrence, Attorney for Plaintiff. The People of the State of California send greeting to Frank Barnett, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear, and answer the Complaint in an action brought as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of San Bernardino, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons if served within this County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or plaintiff will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the County of San Bernardino, State of California, this 30th day of June, A. D. 1915.

(SEAL) L. R. PATTY, Clerk.

By R. W. MIFLIN, Deputy Clerk. 19-91

NOTICE OF BUSINESS DESIGNATION—FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That I, R. S. Bussey, do hereby certify that at present I am residing on the S. W. corner of East 41st St. and Sullivan Ave., Ontario, but soon will remove to Upland, Calif., that my P. O. address is Upland, California, that I am transacting business at Upland, California, number 167 Second Ave. under a designation not showing my name, that said business consists of buying and selling millinery goods and said business is conducted under the name and style of "THE ELITE MILLINERY," that while I am alone for the conduct of said business I will be under the direct management of Clara Bussey.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand at Upland, Calif., this 29th day of July, 1915.

R. S. BUSSEY, County of San Bernardino, SS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SS: On this 21st day of July, 1915, before me, A. H. Lawrence, a Notary Public in and for said County, duly commissioned and sworn, and residing therein, personally appeared R. S. Bussey, to me personally known to be the person described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein expressed.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate written.

(SEAL) A. H. LAWRENCE, Notary Public in and for the County of San Bernardino, State of California. 1914

DELINQUENT NOTICE

Limited Mutual Water Company.

There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment No. 10, levied on the first day of March, 1915, due and payable immediately, delinquent July 26, 1915, the amount set opposite the name of the shareholder, T. Furusawa, \$10.40, and in accordance with law so many shares of said stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the company, Ontario, Cal., on Monday, August 30, 1915, at 9 a. m., to pay said delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale.

L. W. CUSHMAN, Sec. 1213

PERRY LONG

BARBER SHOP

and

BATH-ROOMS

Good Service is Our Slogan

Cleanliness Our Watchword

SECOND AVE. UPLAND



Tasty Bits for Picnic Eats

Everything for making snack sandwiches—cold tongue, ham, cheese, pickles, olives, preserves, hot bits to take along on that picnic or park outing. Save you the time and worry in cooking. On all such occasions take along a roll of

Scot Tissue Towels

Save Your Linen Napkins

They make ideal towels after outdoor meals. No chance of losing your good napkins and towels. Scot Tissue Towels have numerous uses around the home as cleaners and polishers. Keep a roll hanging in the garage for wiping your hands after handling tools, oil, etc. It's a roll up.

H. KLINDT, GROCER



PROFESSIONAL CADRS

Phone 151 Res. 458 R

C. M. PAXSON

Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer

216 Second Ave. Upland, Cal.

JAS. D. LA MOTTE

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Prompt and efficient service. Consultation free. Office with Justice of the Peace.

Phone 201-R. Upland, Calif.

A. H. LAWRENCE

Attorney at Law, Upland, Cal.

Special attention given to probate business and collection of debts. Is also a Real Estate and Loan Broker; a Notary Public. Insurance written in non-board companies at a low rate on dwellings. Legal papers carefully drawn.

DRAPER & MINIS

Undertaking and Embalming

Lady Assistant will take charge of ladies and children. Calls promptly answered day or night. Draper, Ontario, phones: Sunset 527, Home 2101. Minis, Upland, Residence phone, Sunset 286.

DR. C. H. WIMPRESS

Osteopathic Physician

Office and residence, Northwest Corner Euclid avenue and Vernon Drive, at the car line Junction. Telephone 26. Upland, Cal.

DR. ALICE P. SMITH

Osteopathic Physician

Office: N. W. Cor. 1st Ave. and P. E. Track. Hours: 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Evenings and Sundays by appointment. Phone 469. Upland, Cal.

EMPIRE REALTY AND MORTGAGE CO.

M. E. TRUS, Pres. F. W. Palmer, Sec.

Office in First National Bank Bldg. Real Estate and Loan Brokers. Phone Sunset 335-J. Upland, Cal.

DR. FORESTER

Oculist and Aurist

Diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses fitted and furnished are of the highest standard of efficiency and guaranteed in every case.

276 N. Garey Avenue, Pomona, Calif. Phone—383. Res.—6207

EXAMINATION FREE

C. L. VEDDER

Successor to Jos. Connors

Undertaker, Embalmer and Funeral Director

Automobile or horse-drawn hearse, as preferred. Night and day calls promptly answered. Lady assistant. First National Bank, Commercial National Bank, Upland.

N. G. PEHL

Real Estate Insurance and Loans

Ranch and city properties for sale or exchange. Orange and lemon groves a specialty. Office, No. 236 Ninth Street, opposite Hotel Algonquin. Telephones—Pacific, Office, 262-J; Residence, 118-J. Reference: First National Bank, Commercial National Bank, Upland.

A. W. BURT

Notary Public

Practice in both State and Federal Courts. Legal and probate business given the most careful attention. No charge for preliminary consultation. Suite 117, Ruedy Bldg. Entrance on Ninth St., or Second Avenue. Telephone 63.

H. B. TUCKER

Pianos and Piano Tuning

Upland, Cal. Phone 149-Y

Mason & Hamlin, Hardman, Packard, Kingsbury, Ludwig, Wellington Pianos, and Player Pianos.

DR. L. V. HARVEY & T. C. HARDY

Osteopathic Physicians

Euclid Avenue near Ninth. Office hours 10 to 6 p. m. Phone 124-R. Res. Phone Ontario 144-J. Upland, Cal.

DR. H. G. CODLING

Dentist

Hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Evenings by Appointment. Phone 48. Upland, Cal.

UPLAND TRANSFER CO.

W. E. Allen, Proprietor

General Transfer Work and Heavy and Light Hauling. Prompt Attention. Phone your Orders to Nellie Livery Barn (Phone 124-R) during the day. After 5 p. m. call up Main 109-Y.

Remember Saturday night, Aug. 14, will mark the closing of this great sale

BOOTH-VAUGHN

Where the Good Clothes Come From

234 W. Second St.

POMONA, CAL.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED

WANTED—Man for 10-day auto trip to San Francisco; Saturday; \$15. Phone 376-R. 1311*

WANTED—Japanese schoolboy wishes to work for board. Address L. M. Cammack. 1311

WANTED—Position by young single man understanding care of orange grove and general ranch work. Phone 58-J-2. 1311*

WANTED—Salesman; one with some experience in selling citrus nursery trees preferred. Call or phone W. A. Lucas, 442-R-2. 5tf

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping with bath, close in. Mrs. Jarvis, East 9th Street. 1311*

FOR RENT—6-room house on 10th street, between 3d and 6th ave. Inquire J. J. Atwood. 131f

FOR RENT—A furnished tent-house 10x10. Good floor, good roof, near in for working parties at \$1.00 per week to permanent renter. 402 Third ave. Mrs. N. G. Kilgore. 12tf

FOR RENT—Four-room house, furnished. Inquire W. E. Kelsey, 244 First Avenue. 12tf

FOR RENT—6-room cottage, \$13, including water. A. H. Lawrence. 9tf

FOR RENT—Housekeeping rooms, close in, \$10 per month. Phone 344-R. 49tf

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Eighty thoroughbred New Zealand rabbits and sanitary hutchers. Can give party buying a customer for all he can raise, live weight. For information phone 329-R-3 Upland. 1311*

FOR SALE—"Best" Satsuma plums, any quantity, 1c pound. Will deliver in Upland, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Order one day previous. Phone Ontario 170-J. 1311*

FOR SALE—Two good cows, also small milk route. Phone Upland 41-R. 1311

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Auto truck 1½ tons capacity. Tenth Street Garage. 1312*

FOR SALE—Metz Roadster "22." Just overhauled and painted. Will tell without reservation exact condition of car. P. O. Box 271, Upland. Phone 367-J. 131f

FOR RENT—Three-room bungalow. Inquire M. G. Swan. 1311

FOR SALE—Fireless cook stove, at Minar's. 1311

FOR SALE—Fireless cook stove at Minar's. 1311

FOR SALE—Great bargain in large five-room cottage; large porch, two large lots, domestic fruit, garage and chicken runs located near Washington Boulevard, now being paved. Price \$1700.00, mortgage \$1000.00. Empire Realty & Mortgage Co., Upland, Cal. 1212

FOR SALE—One-horse buggy, survey, light double harness. Inquire Phone 441-R-3, Upland. 1213*

FOR SALE—Burbank spinless cactus slabs. Address P. O. Box 134, Pomona. 1213*

FOR SALE—Nice table peaches 1c per lb. at ranch; also Satsuma plums at 2 cents per lb. at ranch. Call Upland 55-R-3. Ranch, 7th St. and Cucamonga Ave. 9tf

FOR SALE—One horse, buggy and harness. Phone 341-J-2. 7tf

FOR SALE—Team of young mules, weight 2400 pounds. Call phone 426-R-1, Upland. 4tf

FOR SALE—Second-hand rubber-tired buggy, cheap. John B. Morrow, Euclid and Fifteenth. 3tf

WATER STOCK FOR SALE—I have a large block of Upland Foothill Water Co. stock for sale in large or small quantities—not less than five shares, either for cash or on time with easy terms. All preferred stock. A. H. Lawrence. 31tf

MISCELLANEOUS

CARPETS, Rugs and Matting, new and second-hand furniture. Russell & Ellis, 125 Second Ave. 131f

FOR EXCHANGE—Clear farm in Dakota for equity in young grove. Address Box 360, Upland, 1212

FOR a general line of one-horse work call for B. A. Eckman. Phone 241-W-1. 7tf

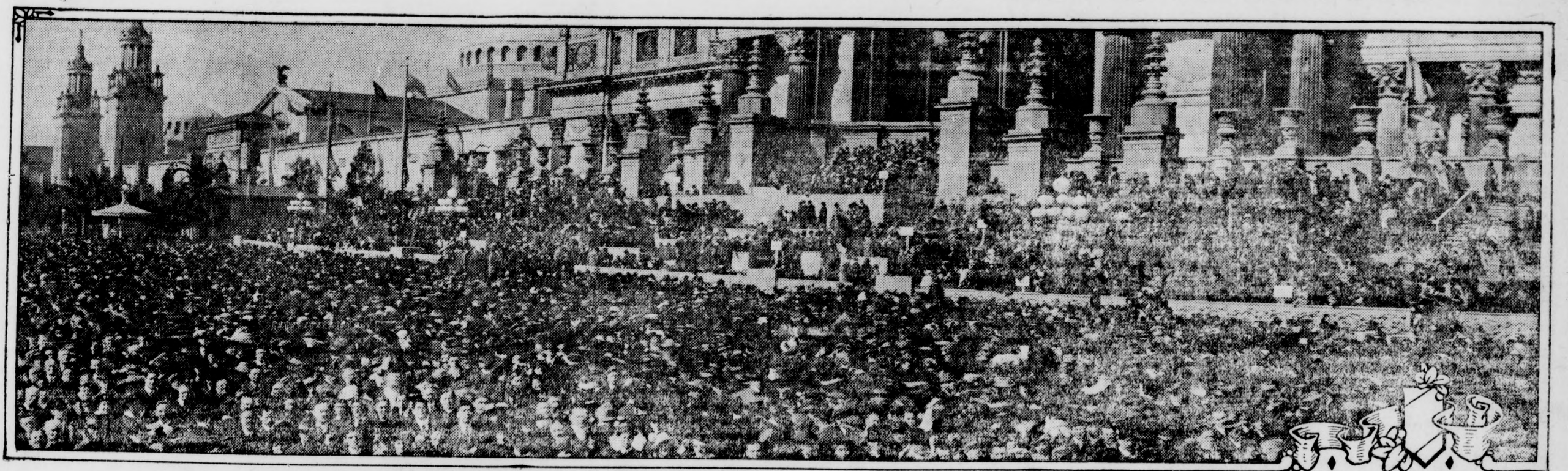
HOLSTEIN bull for service. Grape Arbor Poultry Ranch, 6th St. and Baker Ave. Phone 426-J-1. 8tf

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
This is to notify anybody and everybody concerned that after this date I will not be responsible for any debts or accounts contracted for or by my wife, Mrs. William O. Jones, sometimes known as Bess R. Jones.
(Signed) WILLIAM O. JONES,
Upland, San Bernardino County, California, Aug. 11, 1915. 1311*

Wise is the man who knows he isn't.
No wonder a woman seldom knows her own mind; she changes it so often.

Millions Visit World's Great Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco

ALL RECORDS FOR ATTENDANCE BROKEN BY MARVEL EXPOSITION CITY AT THE GOLDEN GATE.



VAST CROWD GATHERED BEFORE THE HUGE TOWER OF JEWELS. ARE YOU GOING TO VISIT THE HUGE EXPOSITION?

THIS remarkable panoramic photograph shows part of the vast crowd that gathered on the opening day of the Exposition, Saturday, Feb. 20. The crowd was not only the greatest ever brought together in the west, but in vastness it broke all previous exposition attend-

ance records. The grounds were thronged with visitors from every part of the globe, and the big attendance still continues. The opening day crowd was remarkably peaceful, and no arrests were made by the Exposition guards or military during the day, and but one child was lost, and it was returned to its mother within fifteen

minutes. There were no accidents. The photograph above shows, on the left, the Italian towers guarding the entrance to the Court of Palms, next the Palace of Varied Industries and in the center and on the right the huge grand stand built before the Tower of Jewels. Here Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, acting in behalf of

President Wilson; President Charles C. Moore of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff, director in chief, accompanied by the thirty Exposition directors, welcomed the vast throng that assembled in Van Ness avenue and its lateral streets and, headed by Mayor James Rolph, Jr., walked on foot through the

streets of the city and into the Exposition grounds through the Scott street entrance to the grand stand. At the time this photograph was taken, Lincoln Beachey, aviator, had just appeared above the horizon in his flying machine, and the throng was awaiting Mr. Beachey's approach to circle the huge Tower of Jewels.

Since the opening day the Exposition has been crowded with visitors from all parts of the world. Low railroad rates, the sunny skies of California and the opportunity to see the wonderful displays of the forty-two nations that are participating in the Exposition are drawing thousands to the Exposition city at the Golden Gate.

Etiwanda

Mrs. Weigle and her daughter Hazel are guests at the Douglas Allen home. On Tuesday they and Mrs. Allen enjoyed a trip to Arrowhead. Mrs. Spencer Johnston left for her home in Hanford on Saturday.

Mrs. Ada J. Fellows left on Tuesday for San Francisco to attend the National Educational Association and to visit the Exposition.

Evelyn Koch's birthday occurred on Sunday, and her mother planned a trip to Lytle Creek in celebration of the event. The Kochs were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Winkler and Miss Winkler of Cucamonga.

Carl L. Wheat was a guest at the Rader home on Monday. The Misses Rader entertained in his honor with a picnic supper. On Tuesday morning they and Mrs. Rader and Miss Spiers all enjoyed a motor trip to Riverside in his big Marmon. Mr. Wheat will leave for Harvard about August 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartholow leave for a trip to San Diego today.

Mrs. J. H. Scott and Margaret and Billy Scott motored to Upland and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Estes.

Mr. Tilden brought a horse home from Los Angeles last week for Gerald Cour. On Saturday the horse got loose and started for Los Angeles. He was caught near Pomona and returned to his owner on Tuesday.

A large party of Etiwandans took a trip to San Servino Flats on Wednesday. The party included Mrs. Cour and Gerald. Miss Jones and some of her Sunday School class. Mrs. J. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mrs. A. C. Smith, Isabel and Curtis Smith.

The Ladies' Aid Society had a very interesting meeting. Miss Jones sang "Come Unto Me." Mrs. Neece sang "O Heart of Mine." Mrs. Greenlee read an article from the Mothers' Magazine, "Her Man Child," and Miss Buckham was heard in a reading, "The Chinese Bell." Miss Jones read one of the circulating missionary letters regarding the work in China.

A new store and a bank are to be built at the corner of Fourth and Etiwanda. Watch us grow!

Mrs. Olga Hilton Weiss spent Friday and Saturday with Mrs. Rader. Mrs. Weiss is a former resident of Sitka, Alaska.

Miss Spiers is spending the week at the Rader ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stevens and the children came home from Imperial last Tuesday. After spending a few days with the Piersons they are at home in their Fourth avenue bungalow.

Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Henderson went to Long Beach on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly returned on Sunday evening.

The Frost and Scott families spent Sunday in Ontario.

Messrs. Will Frost, W. Barnes, C. H. Jones and Clyde Westphal went to Los Angeles on Sunday to take in the Los Angeles-Portland ball game.

A car of Etiwanda prize winning lemons was shipped to Los Angeles on Tuesday.

Mr. Brownless came up from Centro and spent Sunday at home. Sunday night he and Philip left for El Cajon to begin grape shipping from there.

Billy Scott spent Sunday with home folks.

Rich Shepard came out Saturday to spend the week-end with the Shepards.

Miss Buckham and Dorothy Neece left on Tuesday for the San Francisco Exposition. Miss Buckham

Cucamonga

Miss Jennie Phelps is spending a couple of weeks at Hermosa Beach. Miss Phelps will return some time the latter part of the week, bringing her nephew to spend a few weeks in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith of Cleveland, Ohio, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Van Waggen last week. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are touring California and have spent most of the winter in Pasadena, but they are sure that Cucamonga is the fairest spot in Southern California.

Mrs. W. A. Lucas and children spent Wednesday at Urbina Springs enjoying the refreshing, if somewhat warm, plunge.

H. O. Ward left Saturday on his vacation. Mr. Ward will motor to San Francisco to take in the "expo," and will be a Dodger for a week or ten days.

Miss Ethel Gilbert, who has been spending the past two weeks as the house guest of Miss Lucille Gilbert, left Friday for her home in Los Angeles.

The announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Marie O'Rourke, Saturday, Aug. 7. Miss O'Rourke is the sister of Mrs. C. S. Wilson and spent a great deal of her time in Cucamonga.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Welch motored to Cucamonga Tuesday from Long Beach to spend a couple of days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Casteline are the happy parents of a baby girl.

Jim Elliot, who for the past two months has been in Imperial Valley, could not stay away from Cucamonga longer, so is back and may be seen in any of his old haunts.

E. A. Palmer of Pasadena was in Cucamonga Tuesday looking after business interests.

Carl Rassau went to Pomona Saturday to meet Mrs. Rassau and baby Helene, who for the past month have been on the coast. Mr. and Mrs. Rassau spent Sunday at Chino, visiting Mr. Rassau's brother, Benet Lederer.

F. L. Moore of Carthage, Mo., is visiting at the Molsinger home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Weller, Miss Laura Weller and Miss Henry will leave Sunday for San Francisco, the trip to be made by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beckley were Los Angeles visitors last week.

Mrs. F. S. Thorpe and Miss Betty Thorpe left Sunday for Long Beach.

D. T. Horning and John Sherman of Los Angeles visited at the Powell ranch Sunday.

E. R. Hively and children left Sunday for Hanford, to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hall and Mrs. Carrie Smith and daughter Charlotte motored to Burbank Sunday to spend the day.

R. E. Gilbert made a hurried trip home on business Monday from Cajon Pass.

Mrs. Floyd Kilbourn has as her house guest her sister and nephew from the East. They are very well pleased with California, especially this part of the State, and will probably remain a month or six weeks.

W. A. Lucas made a flying trip to Los Angeles Monday, returning on the late, or rather early, train in the wee sma' hours of the night.

Miss Eileen Howarth had quite a serious accident Sunday, when she fell, seriously cutting herself with a telephone. Baby Eileen fell upon the phone, cutting a deep slash along the length of her forehead just above the eye. Drs. Dangle and Craig were called and Eileen was put under the influence of chloroform and thirteen stitches taken in her head. She is around and as

good as now after her trouble.

Mrs. Marie Moeller returned Friday from Buffalo, where she has been for the past three weeks. Mrs. Moeller came by way of San Francisco and greatly enjoyed the wonders of the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beckley entertained at dinner Sunday for their house guest, Miss Edith Reynolds, of South Pasadena. Mrs. Beckley's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bridge and Mr. Karl Powellson.

Lee Jamison and mother, Mrs. J. Jamison, and Mr. and Mrs. Bower motored to San Gabriel Sunday to see the Mission Play.

The Spanish populace of Cucamonga will give a grand ball at Kilbourn Hall Saturday, August 14, from 8 to 5. Public invited.

At the Churches

Christian Science.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Ontario, hold regular services in the church edifice, West B street, every Sunday at 11 a. m.

The subject for next Sunday, Aug. 15, will be "Soul."

Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 7:45. A reading room is maintained in the Rose Block, 111 North Euclid avenue, Ontario, open to the public daily except Sunday, 12 to 4:30 p. m., where the Bible or authorized Christian Science literature may be read or purchased.

Sunday School 10 a. m.; pupils up to the age of 20 years are admitted.

Brethren in Christ.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's meeting 6:30 p. m. Junior meeting 6:30 p. m.

First Mennonite Church.
The Sunday School meets at 9:30 a. m. Congregational service in the German language follows at 10:30. Evening service at 7:30 is in the English language.

The teacher training class meets on Monday evening at 7:15. A meeting for the study of the Sunday School lesson on Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at the same hour.

A cordial invitation to all these meetings.

Presbyterians and Methodists.
The Presbyterians and Methodists unite in their services for the month of August the Presbyterian Church.

Subject for Sunday morning, "Lost Opportunities in Discipleship." Subject for Sunday evening, "What About the Bible?" a talk to young people.

Good music. Inspirational services. A welcome for you.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS PASSING.
Among the old-fashioned customs which seem to no longer obtain was that of former presidents of the United States dying in July. This custom was not established, as might have been appropriate, by the Father of his Country, but by John Adams, who set the precedent of celebrating his departure on the glorious Fourth. This precedent was shared by Thomas Jefferson, who made his exit the same day, and so well was it established by these two distinguished successors of Washington that James Monroe felt impelled to imitate their example. Old Zach Taylor missed it by five days, passing out on the 9th. Martin Van Buren was near the bottom of the percentage column on the 24th. Andrew Johnson occupied the cellar position with the 31st, and U. S. Grant got the skidoo date, the 23d. James Madison violated the precedent by dying in June, and his example was followed by a number of others. Of late the presidents have paid little attention to the Independence month, perhaps yielding to the decadence of popular interest in our national birthday.

NEW THINGS YOU DISCOVER.
David Grayson, writing his story of "Hempfield" in the American Magazine, says:

"It is a curious thing how people surprise us. In our vanity we begin to think we know them to the uttermost, and then one day, possibly by accident, possibly in a moment of emotion, a little secret door springs open in the smooth panel of their visible lives, and we see within a long, long corridor with other doors and passages opening away from it in every direction—the vast secret chambers of their lives."

One should not infer from their appearance that all tourists traveling by automobile are fat and homely. You can make a pretty girl look like a fright by toggling her up in automobile clothes.

The chap who suspects his neighbor is not above suspicion.

Wrinkles are little ruts made by the wheels of time.

Appreciated.
Tubb—Old boy, I want to congratulate you on your speech at the banquet last night.

O'Sudds (after waiting a moment)—I know you do, pard, and you're awfully sorry you can't do it truthfully. I appreciate the effort, just the same. Nasty weather, isn't it?

A New Version.
"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"

"My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter."

"And did you post it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me."

MAKE \$25.00 PER WEEK
Have your own business, be a salesman or saleswoman and sell hosiery, underwear and sweaters, for one of the largest Knitting Mills in the U. S. This product is sold direct from mill to owner ONLY. Write immediately for protected territory. WINONA MILLS, 54 Wesley Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. 10f

No, Thanks, Old Man—I Don't Need a Thing
—Tell the boys at the office the wife and I are mighty grateful just the same.

Luckily, I took out an AETNA DISABILITY POLICY shortly before I fell downstairs and broke my arm. That brings me \$50 a week once a month, and will as long as I'm totally out of the running, besides paying the surgeon. After that, \$25 a week until I'm fit to tackle the job again.

You know how we all slipped in on a little collection for Del Morgan when he cut himself on that ink scratcher, got blood poison, and was laid up so long? While Del appreciated it, he was pretty embarrassed. That taught me my lesson. I telephoned the AETNA and told 'em I wanted to

AETNA-IZE
Now I'm independent. Better follow suit. No man's immune from accident or disability. Write, call, or phone today.

R. G. PHEYSKY, LOCAL AGENT
Ontario 493-Y